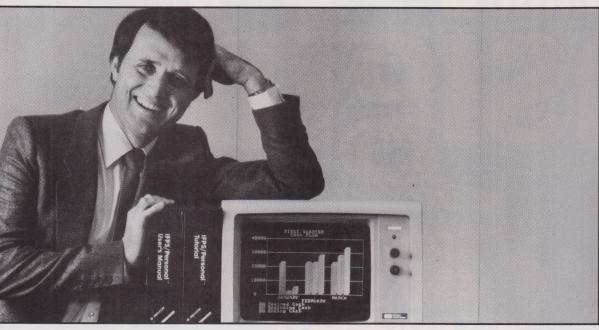


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MARCH 1985 Vol. 7 No. 3



COVER STORY

New uniforms, new fighters, new ships, more recruits. The Tories wooed the armed forces and the public with big promises for defence, but there's a catch—they also cut the defence budget by \$154 million. That may mean trouble in Atlantic Canada, which banks heavily on defence dollars.

PAGE 14



SMALL TOWNS

Happy Valley, Labrador, sprang to life when the Americans built a giant airbase nearby during the Second World War. For years the town lived in the shadow of the base but then the Americans pulled out. As it struggles for permanence and a new identity, Happy Valley finds its citizens of two minds about their future.

PAGE 20



PAGE



Member



FOOD

Friendly, outgoing Kitty Sullivan has two loves in her life — cooking and meeting people. The well-cared-for guests in her Calvert, Nfld., home are served food that is essentially "Irish cooking, modified by what's available in Newfoundland."

PAGE 40

PROFILE

P.E.I.'s Heath Reeves is one of the most cheerful, determined people you could meet, although he's had to struggle all his life with adversities. The latest was a car crash last spring that left him paralyzed, but he had himself up and running in time for the Terry Fox Run. The 61-year-old says he copes so well because of his "crazy philosophy of life." PAGE 44

PORK RECIPES

Tasty ways with fresh Maritime pork. Including recipes using cuts of pork you may not have tried before. You could discover some new family favorites. PAGE 47

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Atlantic Insight lives! — the perils of magazine publishing

ou may already have heard it through the news media. Or you may have guessed it through the lateness of this and the last issue. But yes, you're right. Atlantic Insight has gone through a stormy period of financial trouble —

again.

Financial trouble, of course, is not unusual in magazine publishing in Canada. What is unusual — indeed formidable — is this magazine's staying power despite its frequent difficulties. The reason for this resilience is largely you. Thanks to reader support that continues through thick and thin, this magazine, despite its brief existence of only eight years, has become a cultural institution in the Atlantic Provinces. It is also one of only a handful of quality magazines in the country and, in addition to its support at home, is held in high regard nationally.

The magazine survived a first crisis in 1982 when its founding company, Impact Publishing went into receivership. A new company, Northeast Publishing, then took over and in turn went through a series of receiverships and associated complications throughout March that boggle the mind in their complexity. But these recent troubles had a broad silver lining. They brought forth a truly heartening display of public support and concern for the magazine. An impressive number of people approached us out of the blue offering to invest, to help in production or, as one woman who called in put it, "to do anything that will help the magazine survive." In addition the advertising community, both here and nationally, made clear its desire to see the magazine continue.

And there were a new group of investors who stepped in to, in fact, save the magazine. The new company is called In-

sight Publishing Ltd.

We thank all of the above people as well as you, the readership as a whole, for continuing to support Atlantic Insight. It's a magazine which gives face and voice to what the region is all about and obviously touches something rather deep in the psyche of Atlantic Canada.

We fully hope and expect that your support will secure the future of Atlantic Insight. It's a leaner operation now — a route that many businesses find themselves forced to take in these tight times — although the quality of the magazine will not suffer.

Meanwhile we issue an apology for the lateness of this issue and of the last one. April too will be somewhat late, but less so as we work back to a normal printing

schedule.

Lateness can bring embarassment. You'll read in the "Newfoundland and Labrador" section of speculation about a possible Newfoundland election. You may read it only days before the election itself — or even after it's over! Sorry. Under the circumstances we couldn't change anything except to insert this lastminute note. We take some comfort in the fact that we're not the first magazine in the history of publishing to have an awkward moment. And, of course, we count on your continued support.

- The Editors



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FEEDBACK

Where is the fishery headed?

I enjoy Atlantic Insight so much that I sometimes re-read several articles. So it is with your July, 1984, cover story The fishery: singing the post-restructuring blues. May I take this opportunity to tell Leigh Mazany, fishery economist, that besides the "economics and politics" being deciding factors on whether the new supercompanies make it or break it there are other major deciding factors — one being quality and another being good sound management at the plant level. I am designing a course on fish plant management, which I hope to teach at the College of Fisheries in St. John's, and have completed three courses on fish processing. I also worked a number of years in the fishing industry, in the primary processing sector. For a time I was with one of the restructured supercompanies and saw very few of the methods and measures of my studies being put into practice. I saw Grade "A" fish cut in the early morning, left to lie around the plant in 60 degree temperatures for as much as five to seven hours and then put into an upgraded pack. Quality! Where? I saw Grade "A" fish end up in low grade block or minced fish. Profits! How? And once again we are hearing the cries for a government "care package." How long is this situation going to continue before someone in our "higher ups" takes a long, hard look at where our fishery really is headed?

> Snowdon Parsons St. John's

Nuclear doctrine exhausted

Ralph Surette's column (November, 1984) on a "nuclear freeze" speaks for the majority of us "citizen soldiers" against the tyranny of a weaponry that does not allow us even the option of a conventional war. And please remember that nations like Belgium have the courage to resist the deployment of American missiles. Belgians, of course, can recall Canadian forces armed with the best weapons of the day calling down fire on themselves by accident only 40 years ago. All hawks and cowards must realize that if man can invent the species' own annihilation, we can change our thinking and create an option. If an alliance like NATO enters a suicide pact, all the more reason for members like Canada to deviate from a standard of doctrine that has exhausted its time.

> Gregory M. Cook Wolfville Ridge, N.S.

Cape Island story shallow

In reference to your Nova Scotia Provincial Report of last November, I think something should be said about your approach to the religious community on Cape Sable Island. The intolerance shown by the people of Cape Island towards those in the community is shocking

enough but your lack of information about the group is appalling. This article raises serious concerns for all of us while, at the same time, failing to address them and to supply sufficient material for your readers to make some unbiased judgements of their own. This issue is important and deserves a much fuller treatment than you have given. After reading the article, I felt biased against the people in the religious community even though I realize that such intolerance against people in any geographical area is reprehensible and should be strongly discouraged. A better tactic would have been to include interviews with some of the members of the Clark's Harbour religious community.

Heather Frenette Canning, N.S.

Bilingual Blues?

In answer to Eleanor Cope (Feedback Bilingual Blues, October, 1984), I wish to remind her that in Nova Scotia there are 80,000 Acadians and, in New Brunswick, we have a bilingual province with a much greater Acadian population. I wish to commend you for the very interesting supplement on the Acadians which appeared last summer. I am sure the Acadian population appreciated it very much. We were born and raised here in the Atlantic Provinces where we have been able to live en français. If our presence here at home or if our desire to continue to live in our mother tongue is insulting Eleanor Cope, then all I ask of her is to forgive us for being born.

Richard Landry Comeauville, N.S.

"'No" for our travel stories,
"Yes" for Ray Guy

We have subscribed to and read Atlantic Insight for the past several years. While we have thoroughly enjoyed most of the articles in the magazine the one feature with which we find fault is that on travel outside the Maritimes. Looking back over the past 12 issues, we find that, with the exception of one article on Toronto, all travel articles have dealt with such places at Haiti, Singapore, the Rhine, Devon, etc. and not with other parts of our own country. Why is so little effort made in our publications to bring to the attention of Canadians places in our own country that are so well worth visiting? Those articles on exotic locales are interesting but - take it from us, we have crossed this country by car, train and plane — there is a lot to see within our own borders. Incidentally, if you are keeping score on Ray Guy, put us down in the "yes" column! W. Lendrum

Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.

Pope article moving

Although not a Catholic, I was profoundly moved by Pat Murphy's article in your October issue on the Pope's visit. In his description of the meeting between an East Dover fisherman, Paul Duggan,

and the pontiff, Murphy ignored the commercialism and media hoop-la surrounding the Pope's visit and bared the bones of what being a true believer is all about. His vision of two people, one a fisherman of souls and one a practising inshore Nova Scotia fisherman, meeting together as fellow human beings will remain with me for a long time. I look forward to more such perceptive and in-depth articles in *Atlantic Insight*.

Jacqueline Slater Boutiliers Point, N.S.

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A secret, space-age Bluenose for the next America's Cup

Two prototype racing yachts are being built under a mist of secrecy in a Bridgewater boat shop. The aim: to challenge the powerful Australians and Americans in the next America's Cup

by John Soosar s early winter mist shrouded Nova Scotia's South Shore and daylight hours dwindled, a blanket of secrecy settled over a small boat shop near Bridgewater. As time passed, security guards appeared on the shop floor and a section of the building, which was once an ore plant, was cordoned off.

Inside, specialized craftsmen, hoping to pick up the legendary shipbuilding reputation of the Maritimes, were embarking on construction of a space-age equivalent of the schooner Bluenose, a Canadian challenger for the America's Cup.

Wielding computer programs and welding torches instead of hammers and saws, they would build two 12-metre, hightech aluminum yachts for Canada's True North Syndicate to challenge the Australians off Perth in late 1986 — the Australians having handed the Americans their first loss of the coveted cup in 132 years in the summer of 1983 with their winged-keel yacht Australia II.

Ironically the two men leading the effort to build a successful Canadian challenger are themselves Americans. Bob Crockett, a transplanted Massachusetts native, is the boyish-looking chief executive officer of Crockett McConnell Inc., the Bridgewater company which will build True North 1, and the project director is Bill Mavrogiannis of the prestigious New York yacht design firm of Sparkman and Stevens.

Crockett's partner, Fred McConnell, is the builder of Canada 1, the yacht which carried Canada's colors in the 1983 competition off Newport, Rhode Island. Crockett and McConnell got the contract for the two yachts last November and by the end of December work had begun on the full-scale drawings of the first yacht amid strict security demanded by True North, which is based in Hamilton, Ont. The two men had been in partnership in Nova Scotia for only 15 months when they landed the contract, mainly on the strength of McConnell's expertise in building Canada 1 and their growing reputation in the industry as an innovative firm specializing in aluminum vessels for the offshore petroleum industry.

They approached the project with some trepidation. McConnell's first venture into America's Cup competition ended with the closure of his Parry Sound, Ont., plant in July, 1983, because of financial difficulties brought on by his single-minded devotion to the project to the exclusion of other work and the financial problems of the syndicate.

This time McConnell expects to get paid. True North, one of two Canadian groups working on a challenge, enhanced its claim as the national challenger when it persuaded the Nova Scotia government to provide a \$1.5-million grant for construction of the yachts and crew training off the province's coast while sailing out of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron in Halifax. The syndicate then launched a national fund-raising campaign for \$7 million in addition to the \$4.5 million it



Crockett and McConnell: a high-tech challenge for the America's Cup

had already raised.

Nova Scotia Development Minister Roland Thornhill says those who criticize the government's investment in what is a sport for the super rich are ignoring the bonanza in world-wide publicity the province will garner if the yacht is successful, and the technology for the boat-building industry which will be developed as construction proceeds.

Nova Scotia's decision to become involved is the only reason the challenge got off the ground, he says, and one of the main reasons was the hope of reestablishing a boat-building industry in an area which was once world renowned for the skill of its shipwrights.

Don Green, the Hamilton auto parts

manufacturer and yachtsman who heads the True North Syndicate, is only the fourth Canadian to try to wrest the America's Cup from the display case of the crusty old New York Yacht Club where it sat for more than 100 years or, now, the Royal Perth Yacht Club. Until the Canada 1 challenge in 1983, Canada's efforts had sometimes bordered on the ludicrous.

In 1874 a Royal Canadian Yacht Club entry was defeated by the Americans in the first two of three races. To add to the indignity, the Canadian schooner was arrested to pay her owner's outstanding debts. The captain, Alexander Cuthbert, slipped the vessel out under cover of darkness.

Undaunted, Cuthbert was back four years later in a vessel called the Atalanta. It sailed so badly that a tugboat was ordered to stand by in case she capsized. A New York newspaper described the challenge as a "stupid comedy."

Canadians stayed away from the event for the next 102 years.

Other nations challenged the Americans unsuccessfully until the events on Rhode Island Sound in 1983 when the Australians won the cup after months of controversy over the legality of their unconventional keel. It was their seventh try for the cup. Large chunks of lead in the keel's two fins gave the boat stability in heavy winds and the design of the keel gave it manoeuvrability in light ones. The boat was different from any 12-metre craft that had ever been built and became the standard by which future cup challengers would be judged.

The first Canadian yacht to be launched in June will be similar to Australia II, says McConnell. Prince Philip, patron of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, is expected to officiate and there are tentative plans for a number of appearances for the vessel this summer and fall to get the maximum amount of publicity for the province's investment.

The second yacht, due to be launched in October, will be a "radical, radical boat" with innovations and technology developed through the firm's own research and development, says McConnell.

The entire project will be shrouded in secrecy until after the competition. As Crockett puts it: "If you had \$10 million invested with the potential of making hundreds of millions of dollars where would you draw the line? We're playing hardball here.'

'Hardball' is in fact a very apt description. Humiliated by their defeat at the hands of the Australians, the Americans are mounting a \$40-million challenge involving Pentagon submarine experts, MIT professors and NASA engineers who will build and test six prototypes. Against that kind of competition, a good showing by Canada's Nova Scotia entry would be sweet indeed.

CITYSTYLE)

Atlantic Insight

March 1985



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I've got Grade 12 and I read a lot of science fiction," ex-cab driver Sandra Meldrum told her examiner, confident that her qualifications for computer school were impeccable.

Fi Dastoor, who would pick 15 students deemed capable of handling the rigorous 15-month program she'd be dishing out, wasn't so sure the young woman could handle it. But with an unconventional mandate on her side, she could afford to choose among potential pupils who met the basic criteria. Sandra got into the school.

She joined a select group of Halifax women with little in common and much to separate them — social, economic and educational differences as incompatible as the lives of an accomplished upper-middle class university grad and a single parent struggling to raise children on welfare. Sandra learned to co-operate with her diverse classmates and eventually excelled at her lessons. And now her once-skeptical examiner jokes about including a passion for sci-fi in the program's entrance criteria.

"The diversity of their education and cultures made co-operation difficult within class at first," said Dastoor, who heads the Centre for Computer Studies on Barrington Street. It's a punchy upstart among

Determined class conquers computers

An upstart computer school at the Halifax YWCA is running a tough program to keep women up to date for the high-tech job market

by Deborah Jones

computer schools that not only teaches its students but aggressively seeks jobs for them too. At the moment, its director is elegantly perched behind her desk in the attic of a renovated old house and is musing about how the group nearly burned out 12 months into the course. "It's long months of slogging, especially through the hot grueling summer, when there's no break. And it's heavy going with mature students not used to this sitting behind a desk from nine to five."

Perhaps it was a survival instinct that kept most of the students together. They were all members of an expanding group: women over 25 with inappropriate skills for jobs in a hightech work force. Tedious statistics explain ad nauseum how thousands of women have been left behind by technological advancements that are making traditional jobs obsolete. Retraining programs like the centre's, organized under the umbrella of the YWCA with help from the Nova Scotia education department and funded by the federal government's Skills Growth Fund, provide only a drop of relief in the proverbial bucket. Nevertheless, the YWCA computer school gives at

Dastoor (seated), Grant and Meldrum: mastering the ins and outs of computers

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least a few of the skills needed to compete for jobs.

At the end of March, the first 12 graduates will leave the school, qualified as computer programers with a business orientation. The course, Dastoor explains, parallels those offered by universities but falls short of a degree program by four credits. Explaining the centre's program on a tour of its historic building beside the main YWCA complex, she says, "it's a good, all-round, basic education in computers." Along with two instructors, Dastoor handles the daily classes held in a sunny but cramped second floor room. The course includes a cooperative work stint with local companies and centre staff also lobby businesses for permanent jobs for graduates. The March completion date, one month earlier than that of universities, helps to give the women an edge in the competitive job market, says Dastoor.

The first group includes four single moms, an ex-music teacher and a biochemist. They were referred to the centre by the Canada Employment and Immigration Commission, qualifying partly because they lacked independent financing. For the past 15 months they've learned the ins and outs of computer languages including Cobol, Fortran, RPG II and III, "C-Language" and BASIC IV on Prime 2250 mini-computers. They can now design and code commercial applications and are conversant with Lotus 1-2-3, word processing and Visicalc spread sheets on IBM, Wang and Plato education

systems, says Dastoor.

When Sheila Grant entered the centre's program, she already "realized what a powerful tool a computer is." Years ago, while training in biochemistry (she holds a master's degree), she used computers to "crunch" statistical numbers and obtain assessments and graphs. But Grant had been out of the work force for 18 years raising children, and despite working sporadically for the past eight years felt she needed upgrading to prepare for a fulltime job.

"Basic biochemistry doesn't change, but technology does, and I'd like to get into a field related to medical science," she said. "In this sort of course, you get a total overview. It's not a piece of cake, it's very intensive and is total immersion in

computers.

'It's not a gracious education,' she adds with a wry smile, waving her arms to emphasize the point. "It's a technical course, so people can learn and get out to work with the minimum time spent in training. When I'm finished, I'll be qualified to apply for a lot of jobs. I feel this is a very good option for women."

Unlike Grant, when Sandra Mel-



& MAX

drum finished high school, she decided to work a while before going to university. "I just never did go. I worked in a bank, and was a taxi driver for five years. Then I decided to get back into the real work force. With Grade 12, all I could get was a fish packing job. And after standing for eight hours in steel-toed boots I got sick."

An avid science fiction fan, Meldrum went to see the movie "Brainstorm" about computers at about the same time she was laid off from her packing job. Then a growing fascination with the machines was sparked when she found out about the YWCA centre. Despite doubts about being able to handle the mathematics in the

course, she applied.

"I'm doing well, but it's hard work and the enthusiasm wore off a long time ago," she says. "But I really see this as a turning point in my life. Last January, when I began, seems like another lifetime ago. Now I feel confident I'll be able to get a job. And besides the education, it's also given me confidence in myself, made me realize the potential that I didn't think I had. While I didn't think I'd always be a taxi driver, I feel a lot better about myself now."

There's no guarantee that the first graduates from the Y's computer school will find a niche in the workforce. But they, and their teachers, feel their chances of finding satisfying employment have vastly improved. Dastoor, who unabashedly admits to using business contacts she made as a computer consultant to lobby for jobs for her students, says 10 already have jobs

lined up.

As final exams begin, Dastoor is already deciding which of 80 applicants will get into the 15 spots available in the next session, beginning in April. And she's lobbying in the business community to make her program more visible — it's the first venture by a Canadian YWCA into full-time computer education and is being watched by branch organizations elsewhere,

she savs.

Running a unique YWCA computer school is not the first time Dastoor has run up a "first." More than 20 years ago, she was one of the first nine women to graduate with bachelor of science degrees from the London School of Economics' computer division. She spent 20 years working at various jobs in the industry until volunteer work with the Halifax YWCA "caused me to re-evaluate what I wanted to do with my career at the time. I felt I should give something back to the community. Now 12 women who didn't have jobs are trained in computers. You don't go into YWCA programs to make money, but the satisfaction I get from helping people makes up for it."c





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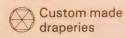


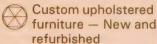
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The Oilers' great hockey isn't enough for fans

Some say ticket prices are too high but other factors are involved. The bottom line is: can Halifax keep supporting professional hockey?

by 7im Davidson

A pained expression crosses Brett Cameron's bearded face as he looks out from his downtown Halifax office on to a city that's giving his favorite hockey team an icy shoulder. "It's a well-known fact that the Edmonton Oilers are going to try it here for two years," he says with a heavy sigh. "If we don't get more fan sup-port, there won't be professional hockey in Nova Scotia.'

Cameron is the Nova Scotia Oilers' biggest fan. He merits that title for both his giant-like physical size and his position as president of the Oilers'

booster club.

Attendance at the team's American Hockey League home games is way down this year and when the booster club president says things aren't going well, you know they aren't.

Since he came to Halifax five years ago, Cameron has missed only a handful of American Hockey League games at the Metro Centre. On his office wall hangs a Nova Scotia Voyageurs' team

clock, a souvenir from an old love. The Voyageurs — better known in Metro as the Vees - had been Halifax's pro team from 1971 to last June.

That's when the Edmonton Oilers took over from the Montreal Canadiens as the National Hockey League affiliate. The Canadiens moved their farm team closer to home in Sherbrooke, Quebec. Edmonton's former affiliate was in Moncton.

Cameron says the switch is no big deal with the fans. The Canadiens consistently provided Halifax with a good team, but the Oilers also have a sound organization, one that won the Stanley

Cup last year.

As befits a booster club president, Cameron is optimistic things will get better. His laughter booms out as he sits back talking about hockey. But his laughter stops when the conversation drifts to how Halifax has been supporting its team.

Last year, the Vees drew an average of 4,132 fans to each game — a respec-



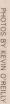
portedly lost between \$500,000 and \$700,000. This year the crowds at the Metro Centre have averaged less than 3,000.

But that doesn't mean the Oilers are taking a bath in red ink. Ticket prices are higher this year. But with only 3,000 fans a game, it is a decidedly unprofitable enterprise.

Minor league hockey is a complicated business. In most cases, an NHL team owns its minor league club and wants to develop players for the main team as inexpensively as possible. Players' salaries are the biggest cost and most revenue comes from ticket sales. Low attendance and losing money go hand in hand. If an NHL team loses too much money, it is only natural it would think of moving to a greener looking city.

But if the Oilers pull up stakes, it won't be until the end of next season at the earliest because Edmonton took over the last two years of the Cana-







diens' Metro Centre lease. Operations director John Blackwell, the farm club's main liaison with Edmonton, says the NHL team will be patient and any decision to leave won't be made until next season, if at all.

However, the distant early warning lights are starting to flash. If Edmonton is to make a go of it in Halifax,

more fans are needed.

So why aren't more Nova Scotians attending Oilers' games? Team management, fans and sports writers are impressed with the fast-skating, exciting, Edmonton-style play the team has displayed. The quality of the hockey in the league is also at a high level. When the Central Hockey League folded, more good hockey players were available for the AHL. Few would argue with Halifax's Daily News editor, Al Hollingsworth, that "the league has changed and changed for the better. Now it's faster and has more finesse. It's more like the way whoever made the game intended it to be."

So, once again, why is the Metro Centre so empty? The answer is complicated. Hockey attendance depends on many things, like a team's win-loss record, whether it is in a tight race for playoffs, rivalries with other teams and even the weather on a given night. But according to Cameron it comes down to one main factor - those darn ticket prices.

That line is frequently heard in the buzz of conversation in the city's main sports conversation centre - the Midtown Tavern. Midtown owner Doug Grant, a season ticket holder, hears all the talk and he sums up his patrons' consensus. "The Oilers have a good team and it's better hockey to watch than last season's. The ticket prices are the problem. I think they would have been better off to put the price at \$6.00.

The price the Oilers picked is \$8.00, a hefty increase over last year's top charge of \$5.00. Team management has also reduced the number of

tickets given away. Only children and senior citizens get in cheaply — they pay \$4.00.

Arnie Patterson, president of radio station CFDR in Dartmouth, says the Oilers should have checked history books before drastically hiking ticket prices. Patterson knows his hockey he's been involved with the game since he started broadcasting in 1949 with former Hockey Night in Canada announcer Danny Gallivan. CFDR cov-

ered the Vees' games for nine years. Like Grant, Patterson thinks the Oilers should have raised prices gradually. When the Vees arrived in Nova Scotia in 1971 the biggest problem they faced was their ticket prices. "The Vees used to have the highest ticket prices in the league and there was a terrible controversy about it, says Patterson. "It took the team a long time to recover from that." The

Above: Empty seats at the Metro Centre: does Halifax care about its hockey team?



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Vees were a troubled franchise in the early years, placing last in league attendance in 1971 and second last in the next two seasons.

Still, there were good reasons for this year's increase. Nova Scotia fans were getting the cheapest tickets in the league and the new prices are in line with the rest of the AHL. "The Oilers felt they had to charge AHL prices and ascertain whether this city can support an AHL team," says assistant coach Bob Boucher.

If every fan could spend a half hour with Oilers' marketing director Larry Haley, most would probably agree the team did the right thing. He contends that it's only fair that people should pay the going rate. The problem, he says, is that when people are getting something for next to nothing they don't like having to pay for it all of a sudden.

He also points to the Moncton Golden Flames and the Fredericton Express — the other AHL teams in Atlantic Canada — to show that the Oilers aren't charging too much. Those clubs have similar ticket scales but they have increased their attendance this season.

For those reasons, Haley won't admit that raising ticket prices was a mistake. But the team probably could have done a better marketing job at the start of the season. "We started out by saying let the hockey team sell itself," he says. There were few promotional nights, where the club and a local sponsor give things away to fans. Average attendance for the first 10 games was under 2,500.

The rule of thumb in the minors is

"promote, promote, promote." In Fredericton, coach and general manager Earl Jessiman says, "We've had calendar nights, autograph nights, camera nights, everything nights. That's what you've got to do. The difference between here and the NHL is that in the minors you have to sell yourself and you have to work hard at it."

A few months into the season, the Oilers started running more promotions and attendance picked up, although it's still well behind that of last

year's Vees' games.

While the higher cost of a ticket is seen as the main reason for poor attendance, it's not the only one. For the last three seasons the crowds have been gradually getting smaller. In 1981-82 total attendance reached 191,761. In the next season it dropped to 182,933 and last season it was down to 161,132.

One would think that a healthy Halifax economy would be good for a hockey franchise, but some say it's a double-edged sword. Boucher, who coached at St. Mary's University for 13 years, has kept a keen eye on the city and its hockey scene for the past 20 years. He thinks Halifax's growth has made running a professional team more difficult.

"Halifax has really exploded in the past four years in terms of entertainment," he says. "The downtown core is full of night spots vying for the entertainment dollar. People are spending more money on those things and that has an effect on the amount of dollars they're willing to spend on us."

Boucher says he gets plenty of feedback from fans about the Oilers. He



thinks the team's followers would like to see more Maritime players in uniform, so they could feel it is their team. Because the Montreal-Edmonton switch didn't happen until a new season had almost started, there was little chance to recruit local players. Next year it could be different. "I think Edmonton will spend more time looking at players with a Maritime background," says Boucher. That might make people less likely to think it's an outside team.

Local hockey competition is another factor, says Hollingsworth. Besides the Oilers, fans can watch junior and senior hockey or university games at Dalhousie and St. Mary's. "The Oilers aren't the only act in town, so they'll have to hustle," he says.

The Oilers' players have earned a

The Oilers' players have earned a reputation as a hustling bunch. They want the team to stay where it is. The bright and tidy, 9,549-seat Metro Centre is an excellent arena and the city is as good as any that the minor leagues play in.

Defenceman Lowell Loveday, a sixyear AHL veteran in his first season with the Oilers, says that "Halifax is great. There's lots to do, I think everyone on the team likes it." But when he's asked about attendance, he shrugs his shoulders. "It's such a big arena that if you get 2,500 fans it looks so empty," he says. "It would be nice to have a lot of fans."

Will the fans come back? Boucher's

point about Halifax's booming entertainment industry providing tough competition for a professional hockey team is shared by many others in local hockey circles. It's possible that there just aren't enough people interested to keep professional hockey in Halifax.

Patterson hopes that isn't so. "I really believe the hockey club is important here. It carries the name Nova Scotia to a lot of places."

He's been a fan since the first AHL puck dropped here 14 years ago and he can remember hard times before. In the not-so-good old days, the franchise wasn't strong but more fans came out when they had to. He's betting they'll do the same again.

Brett Cameron shares that optimism. "There's no doubt in my mind there are enough hockey fans here to run a franchise," he says. But there's a selling job to be done to get more of them to the rink. As Cameron says, there is a hard core of 2,500 to 3,000 fans who come to nearly all the games. They've been pleased with what they've seen. Another 3,000 hockey fans who used to attend Vees games are out there but because of ticket prices, or for other reasons, they haven't been showing up this season. If Edmonton is going to keep a team in Halifax beyond next season, those people must be enticed to support the Oilers. C



We forgot to say thanks.

In City Fashion (Winter boring? Accessories make you look great Jan. 85) we showed you how to brighten a winter wardrobe through the use of accessories, but we forgot to tell you where to get them. Our apology to the readers, and our special thanks to the Tweed Shop for providing the model, coats, scarves and tweed hat; The Wardrobe Too (jewelry, belt, rhinestone tie); The Shoe Inn (shoes, buttons and bows); and Charles Brown Furriers (fur hat with veil).





A light in a dark, indifferent world

No one in need is refused at the Brunswick Street United Church. Hard-working parishioners are glad to help the church fulfil its time-honored mission

by Denise Brun

estitute men show up on the doorstep at 7 a.m., seeking their first
coffee of the day. The Brunswick
Street United Church turns no one
away: it is the only place where many
of Halifax's down-and-out can find
warm shelter, hot coffee and the use of
a washroom.

This inner-city church has been caring for the poor and destitute and society's outcasts for many years. "I

would have starved to death when I was a kid if it wasn't for this church," a man recently told Reverend Rod McAuley as he handed over a donation for a needy child. It was his way of thanking the church for giving him a place to go when he was growing up in a family of eight children.

The church's reputation as the largest inner-city mission church in Eastern Canada is well established. McAuley says his church is 20 per cent sanctuary, administering to people's spiritual needs, and 80 per cent service to fill voids left by provincial and municipal social services.

Osborne Crowell, a lively octogenarian who has belonged to the church all his life, is proud of how active it is. "Every day it is a hive of activity from seven o'clock onwards," he says. "There is a program for the street men who get their first cup of coffee here and a drop-in centre for children of working parents. It's all part of the church's role today as it tries to face the needs of the area."

It is, says McAuley, "a church that everyone seems to own. It is part of the scene." But the scene it surveys today is radically different from that of 1834 when the original building was erected by the colonial city's wealthy elite. It now sits in the middle of an area just starting to recover from urban decay and the vicious poverty that

wracked it for years.

McAuley says the church has grownstronger with the passage of time because of the "deep involvement" of parishioners, like Crowell and Margaret Campbell, who is also in her 80s. These two, with self-deprecating humor, refer to themselves as "the last of the old regime." Their enthusiasm, intellectual perceptivity and zest for life belie their years.

Crowell spearheaded the effort to raise money to erect a new building after fire destroyed the original one in 1979. Campbell recently published *No Other Foundation*, a history of the Brunswick Street United Church, which took her four years to write.

Crowell was initiated into the church when his parents placed his name on the "Cradle Roll." He has been an active member since and has recorded the church minutes for more than 60 years. His finance committee — one of several he sits on — managed to build a new church free of debt. "There were many frustrating delays," he recalls, "but I always felt it was providential that things happened the way they did. We have tremendous faith and we felt sure that everything would work out for the best and it did."

The morning after the original wood and plaster church burned to the ground — a spectacle that lit up the





Campbell: "I never thought of it as work"

night sky and was clearly visible on both sides of the harbor — the congregation met in nearby Trinity Church and determined to rebuild their church on the original foundation and record its history.

Last fall was memorable for the congregation. The new building was opened and Margaret Campbell, aided by a New Horizons grant for senior citizens, published her book. Printed by Lancelot Press of Hantsport, the book traces the history of Methodism and its affect upon the church.

"I never really thought of it as work," says Campbell. "I wrote by discovery. Everything I thought exciting and interesting I put in the book."

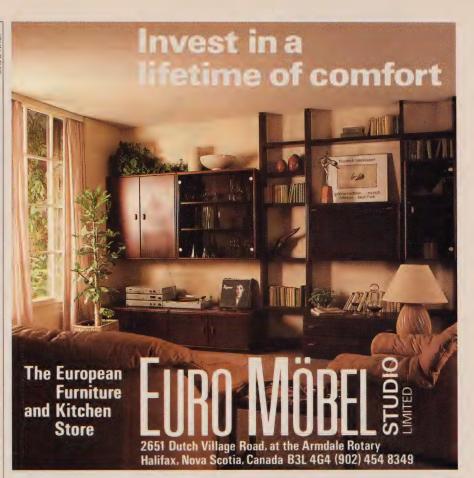
But for her to find enough time to finish it, much of the household work fell to her husband, Reverend Dr. Herman Campbell, minister emeritus of Brunswick Street United Church. Teamwork, obviously a hallmark of their marriage, has stood them in good stead throughout their years together.

As a minister's wife, Campbell was aware of the problems her husband faced in his ministry. In her book she describes his dismay at the substandard housing in Halifax's downtown core in the 1950s. It was, she

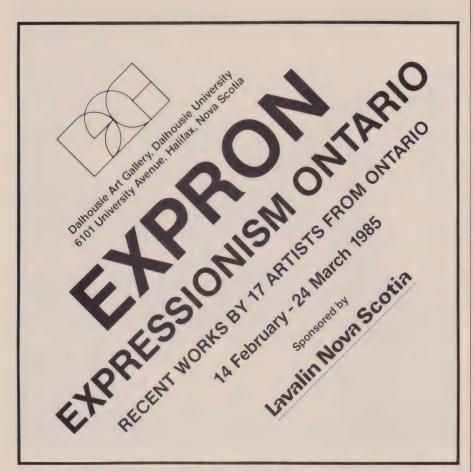


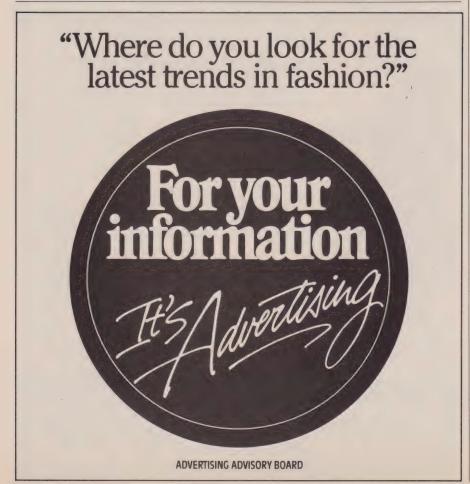
Crowell: proud of accomplishments













The church before the fire

wrote, "a startling and saddening revelation of how a great many people were forced to live, and remained a tax on his pastoral concern and resources for the whole 12 years of his work in

the parish.'

Much of the material for the book was supplied by Osborne Crowell who, with his late wife, compiled a history of the church in 1963 after stumbling upon about 15 bundles of documents dating back to 1782 - before the congregation moved to Brunswick Street. "The secretary of the board was looking for papers and the custodian suggested we look in the safe in a little room under the pulpit," says Crowell. "We found a whole raft of material - marriage, birth and death certificates of the entire congregation as well as letters to the Wesleyan Institute in England." Fortunately Crowell made sure the material was microfilmed by the Nova Scotia Archives.

In 1834 Brunswick Street was a suburb of Halifax and the pastoral setting seemed ideal for a new church. Today, some of the large homes built by the wealth remain — some ramshackle and others restored — but no trace remains of the fields and

orchards.

Only the original foundation and part of the original frame and wood from the old church's tower remain, but the new church symbolizes a continuation of something that nothing as temporal as a fire could destroy.

Appropriately, local architect Jim Skyes chose light as the overall theme for the new building. For some, the Brunswick Street United Church is the light in a dark, indifferent world — a place of sanctuary when they need it. The parishioners are glad to help the church fulfil its age-old mission.



Want a hot tip? Don't trust tips



I'd like to dabble in the stock market but I know nothing about it; can you recommend a good broker?

Many letters I receive pose variations of this theme. It seems there's an information gap somewhere, and I suppose I can lead the blind as well as the next blind person! But the question I really hate is: "What stocks do you like?

So let's start off on the right foot together. You want to know how to make money on the stock market. I think I can show you. After we've discussed some of the psychological necessities of trading, we'll discuss some strategies you can experiment with on paper without ever risking a cent in the real world. When you're ready to leave the nest, you'll do so under your own power. I'll drive some of you up the wall, confuse you horribly! Others will find the challenges they'll meet in this column a source of fun and amusement.

But if you want the illusory easy way out, if you expect not to have to sweat a little to gain the potential benefits, if you expect me to provide you with a shopping list of stocks to buy, save yourself some time: go read someone else's column. This column is for those who want the satisfaction of standing on their own two feet.

Most novice investors, and many who have been at this somewhat insane game for years, lack the self-confidence to act on their own. They rely heavily on the advice of others. Most small investors lose money, too. I believe there's a direct connection.

How could you know that the broker loses money in his own account? That a particular analyst (and this is true) is so often wrong that brokers in the national brokerage firm he works for joke that they should sell short every time he recommends buying? That newspapers rely to a large extent on press releases from companies and brokerage houses with a vested interest in seeing a particular stock rise in price?

A good newsletter may be the best bet. But the news can be two weeks old by the time it tumbles through your mailbox — so you're relying on an individual's ability to tell the future, perhaps investing thousands of dollars in that ability. Have you ever met anyone, in any field, who could consistently foretell the future?

Tremayne's Rule Number One: Don't trust tips. To do so is to gamble with the odds stacked against you.

If we are going to be among the minority of investors who are winners, we'd better recognize early in the game that stock prices more often than not have little to do with logic; their ups and downs have as much to do with psychology as they do with company profits and losses. Stock trading is an emotional process that often defies the logic of the real world. Prices, in part, move on hope and fear - both expensive to most investors.

Those new to investing sometimes think brokers have all the answers perhaps even magic - that will turn a hard-earned nest egg into a fortune without effort on the investor's part. This type of thinking, apart from being unfair to the broker (who's only human after all), is almost certain to cost the investor money.

A good broker — and by that I mean one who has the knowledge and is willing to spend time teaching clients the art of profitable trading is worth his weight in gold. They exist, but they have to be sought out. A great deal of what I know is owed to such brokers. I owe a lot, too, to the bad ones; they taught me to develop self-reliance.

And what about those analysts employed by full-service brokerage houses? They are highly paid to generate "products" on which the salesmen and the brokerage houses can earn commissions. The more recommendations, the more trades, the more commissions. There's nothing wrong with that. Investors want as much information as they can get, and we're adult enough to know that it doesn't come free.

But information is one thing; expecting the bearers of it to be seers is something else.

Sometimes analysts and professional money managers can't even win when they're right. Their interest can create fashions, running groups of stock to unrealistic levels in terms of earnings,

creating expectations of still higher levels to come. And the higher the prices, the greater the interest of the tipsters.

But the greater the price of shares in relation to earnings, a characteristic of market darlings, the greater their vulnerability to the bad news that must

surely come at some point.

In many cases, the tips are reasonable. What's missing are tips on the other side — to sell. But brokerage houses don't like making those kinds of tips. They are remembered by firms who later want to issue more shares; brokers who have advised clients to sell may not get future profitable underwriting business. And companies on which the analyst wants to keep an eye may not be too keen to provide more information in the future.

If you absolutely must rely on tips, a good newsletter might be useful but check on its track record before subscribing. I know of people who fol-low them and do quite well. The ones with a large following can be selffulfilling over a short period of time. That's fine if you recognize this, are prepared to move quickly, and to sell before the bloom wears off the latest

recommendation.

Let's face it: we don't care why a stock goes up, just so long as it does

and we make a profit.

So what do we do if tips are not to be relied upon? Stick pins in the daily quotations list? Surprisingly, we let the market itself tell us what we should be doing. It is the most reliable tipster of all. We need only learn how to read the signals, to measure mass market

In the months ahead, we'll find out exactly how to do this - without guessing, without relying on tips and without advanced degrees in finance

and economics.

Letters to Sydney Tremayne, author of Take the Guessing Out of Investing, can be sent to Northeast Publishing, 1668 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B37 2A2. Please include stamped selfaddressed envelope for reply.



GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

Anna Leonowens Gallery. (N.S. College of Art & Design). March 5-9: Gallery III: Sticks and Stones — Joanne Poirier, jewelry. March 12-29: Gallery 1: Working Drawings and One Candle -Michael Byron. March 12-16: Gallery II: Skin - Mark Verabioff, videoinstallation. Gallery III: Thadeus Holownia — photographs. March 19-23: Gallery II: Printmakers Group Exhibition — student work. Gallery III: Darcy Mann — paintings. March 26-30: Gallery II: Shawn Westlaken sculpture and painting. Gallery III: Not Forgetting — Yves Arcand, color photographs. April 2-20: Gallery I: Audio by Artists Festival — a retrospective of 10 years of Audio Arts Magazine, organized by Micah Lexier. Apr. 2-13: Gallery II: Audio by Artists Festival — recent additions to the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design's Audio Tape Collection, organ-ized by Micah Lexier. April 2-6: Gallery III: Material Culture - Paul Mullin and Ruth Meal, weaving. April 9-13: Gallery III: Beaty Popescu; MFA Exhibition. 1891 Granville St., 422-7381, Ext. 184. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; Closed Sun. & Mon. Dalhousie Art Gallery. To March 24: Expron: Expressionism Ontario — an extensive display of contemporary work by 17 Ontario artists, sponsored by Lavalin Incorporated. March 28-April 28: 20th Century European Sculpture an exhibition of some 40 sculptures, assembled for the first time from the collection of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. Includes work by Rodin. Renoir, Maillol, Armitage, Calder, Moore, Hepworth, Arp and others. Brian Porter: Paintings and Drawings — recent work by Nova Scotian artist Brian Porter, organized by the Dalhousie Art Gallery. Dalhousie University Campus, 6101 University Avenue. Hours: Tues.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. evening, 7-10 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; Closed Mondays.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. To March 10: Downstairs & Upstairs: Tom Miller and the Mermaid Theatre — masks, puppets and people. March 15-April 7: Downstairs: An Atlantic Album: Photographs from 1870 to 1920 - 80 photographs of people, places and activities provide an unparalleled visual commentary on some of the social history of the period in the

Atlantic region. Upstairs: Women's Work from Pangnirtung - a traditional role for Inuit women was to make clothes from caribou or seal skins for their families. Today a small group of women have adapted those skills and now use cloth to make traditional garments which feature stunning embroidered depictions of Inuit life. Another group produces hand-woven woolen garments and tapestries. April 12-May 5: Downstairs: Pegi Nicol MacLeod 1904-1949 - this exhibition of over 50 works is drawn principally from the collection of the Robert McLaughlin Gallery which is circulating it nationally. Upstairs: Samplers: A New Way of Seeing; Leslie Sampson — the conventional needlework sampler is used as a format to introduce feminist issues and social concerns. This exhibition is one part of a two-part series featuring emerging Halifax artists (organized by Cliff Eyland, MSVU Exhibitions Officer). Eye Level Gallery. March 5-23: Bernie Miller - sculpture. Greg White sculpture. April 2-20: Michel Sarrouy photographic installation. Danica Jojich — installation. 1585 Barrington St., Suite 306. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 12 noon-5 p.m. Closed Sun. & Mon.

St., Suite 306. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 12 noon-5 p.m. Closed Sun. & Mon. The Army Museum Halifax Citadel. Closed for major exhibition renovations; scheduled to re-open June, 1985. From its new location in the Cavalier Building this landmark Halifax institution will place fresh emphasis on Atlantic Canada's military heritage. Dartmouth Heritage Museum. To

March 3: Doug Allan — photographs. March 4-24: Jill Field (Alexander) — mixed media. 100 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2300.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. March-April 28: Main and Mezzanine Galleries: A Record for Time — organized by the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia and supported by Museum Assistance Programs, National Museums of Canada. Second Floor Gallery: Canadian painting from The Collection — Folk Art. 6152 Coburg Road. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

THEATRE

Theatre Arts Guild, 6 Parkhill Road, Halifax, presents *The Caretaker*, by Harold Pinter, March 1, 2, 7, 8 & 9 at 8:00 p.m. Reservations: 477-2663 or 435-1098.

Neptune Theatre. March 15-April 7:

A Moon for the Misbegotten — This, the last completed play by four-time Pulitzer Prize-winning Eugene O'Neill, has been acclaimed as a milestone of contemporary American theatre. A Moon for the Misbegotten plots the fateful encounter of three mistrustful misfits one moonlit night. Each character, seeking an impossible solace, is faced with disappointments and broken hopes.

IN CONCERT

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. March 7: Oxford String Quartet. March 9: a concert by Quebec's Number One Jazz Quartet "UZEB." March 15: Mary O'Hara. March 28: Ferrante & Teicher. March 24: Bob McGrath of Sesame Street. March 29: Breath of Scotland. April 14: Dizzy Gillespie and Moe Koffman with the Dizzy and Moe Supershow. April 16: The Canadian Brass.

SPORTS

Dartmouth Sportsplex.
March 11-13: Dartmouth Minor
Hockey Tournament. March 14-15:
Cole Harbour/Bel Ayr Hockey Tournament. March 29-31: Oldtimers Hockey
Tournament.

CLUB DATES

Teddy's: Piano Bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. Kim Bishop continues to March 9. March 11-16: Allan Fawcett. Remainder of March: Kim Bishop. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 p.m.-1 a.m. The Village Gate: 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Mar. 1 & 2: Riser. March 7, 8 & 9: Secret Treaties. March 14, 15 & 16: The Aviators. March 21, 22 & 23: Southside. March 28, 29 & 30: Rox. Apr. 4, 5 & 6: Tense. Apr. 11, 12 & 13: Track. April 18, 19 & 20: Southside. Apr. 25, 26 & 27: Domino. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m. The Ice House Lounge: 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth. March 4-9: Tense. March 18-23: Screaming Trees. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sat., 5 p.m.-2 a.m.
Privateers' Warehouse: Historic Pro-

Privateers' Warehouse: Historic Properties. Middle Deck: March 4-9: Bill Stevenson and the Ocean Limited Band. March 11-16: Bleeker Street. March 18-23: Cecile Frenette. Hours: Lower Deck, 11:30-12:30 a.m. Middle Deck, 11-2:30 a.m. C

(CITYSTYLE)

History repeats itself

Ci'tadel n. Fortress, esp. guarding or dominating city.

The Citadel and the city. One imperial mother, two colonial sisters. Protector, protected. The relationship goes back a long way. It started even before Cornwallis and his colonists arrived to hack Halifax from the forest and erect the wooden pallisades of Citadel Hill's first fortification. It started when the British government decided to establish a permanent colony and naval stronghold to counterbalance and conquer France's fortress at Louisbourg.

The relationship grew over the centuries and was tested in each of the British Empire's battles and wars. Halifax was a major naval base for expeditions against the American colonies during the American Revolution and then in the War of 1812 with the United States. It was a key port during the First and Second World Wars. The relationship was strongest during wars and somewhat weaker in periods of peace.

Sometimes the Citadel was the centre of the action and sometimes it was forgotten, but it was always a fixture set in the very heart and soul of the city. Today it is a fixture taken for granted like any natural phenomenon — like the harbor, the islands and the ocean. The citizens expect that the Citadel will always be there, maintained and run for recreation, if not protection. The city could not give up its waterfront and it cannot give up its Citadel.

Today the Citadel faces a crisis, not for the first time in its history. With the 1989 completion of the restoration in sight, the federal government put the project on ice indefinitely as part of its effort to control government spending.

Twenty-five per cent of Parks Canada's 1985-86 budget cut will come from the Citadel restoration. Millions of dollars that would have been available for local contractors to complete the job have been redirected. The 32-member team of specialists will be laid off and disbanded. Much of the fort will remain closed to the public. The Citadel has weathered many storms and will probably weather this one.

Sometime, somehow the restoration will get finished. But will it get finished in our lifetime?

If there is any comfort in the irony of history repeating itself, we can regard the present plight as a repetition of a chronic and historic cash shortage. Plus ça change, plus ça la meme chose.

The history of the present Citadel's construction - which started in 1828 can tell us a lot. It is actually the fourth fortress on the hill but was almost never started because of financial considerations. When the idea of new defences at Halifax was considered in the early 1800s, the British government frowned upon pouring pounds into colonial fortifications. It took a high-level commission, which was investigating Canada's defences, the Duke of Wellington's authority and a lot of fast talking in Parliament to get the money to start the project. The Citadel was supposed to cost £116,000 and be completed within six years. It wasn't considered to be finished for 28 years. It cost £ 242,122.

The fort's initial plan was straight forward — it resembled an elongated star. Implementation of the design, however, was a long, convoluted and acrimonious affair. Nine Commanding Royal Engineers applied their skills and idiosyncracies to the project each paying deference to the main design but trying to leave his mark on history. Communication between Halifax and London was slow and the London bureaucracy was even slower. Decisions took months and often years. Design revisions were rejected, budgets slashed and completions delayed.

When the Citadel was finally finished, it was largely obsolete because the technology of war had passed it by. But its significance was not its defensive role (it never did "fire a shot in anger," although the hill did partially shield the south end from the effects of the 1917 explosion that killed 1,654 people). Its true role was its contribution to the city's economic and social life. Merchants prospered by supplying building supplies and labor for its construction and food for its regiments. Many different regiments — particularly the Highlanders — left their marks. The officers gave tone to the

colonial city and the soldiers found their traditional seats in bars and brothels on Barrack Street, now Brunswick Street.

The Garrison Clock kept time for soldiers and citizens, the fort's military mast flew messages to surrounding defence instalments and ships while the commercial mast alerted merchants to the arrivals of their ships. The hill's grassy slopes were used for grazing cattle, sightseeing or as a convenient cross-town route.

In short, the Citadel helped shape the city, and the city gave the Citadel its context. Perhaps then, it is reasonable to look at this historic relationship in today's crisis. The Citadel story has come full circle and history is in danger of repeating itself.

The Citadel's original six-year construction schedule dragged out in the same way as the restoration timetable is being stretched. Restoration started when it was designated as a national monument in the early 1950s but work progressed in fits and starts. It took until 1976 for officials to agree on a comprehensive development plan and for Treasury Board to commit funds. The restoration was on schedule when the new federal government stopped development funding effective this April 1.

While Ottawa refuses to spend money on developing historic parks, Halifax MP Stewart McInnes says the government is receptive to private sector initiatives to raise money to complete the Citadel.

Why should the people of Halifax feel obliged to donate money to complete what was historically a responsibility of a government centred in London and then in Ottawa? For no other reason than to claim what has always been part of our history and our landscape. Whoever pays the piper calls the tune and the absentee conductor has stopped the music for now. But if the people who live here want to see the completion of the restoration and if we want to enjoy the full recreation potential, contributions must be made now.

If the Citadel is finally restored, it will be because we wanted it enough to make it happen.

Patrick Kennedy is a restoration architect working on the Halifax Citadel.

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PROVINCIAL REPORT NEW BRUNSWICK



Sullivan: "They'll do whatever they can to stop me from farming"

New Brunswick farmers want legal protection from neighbors who move in next door then sue because of bad smells. The provincial government is about to give it to them

by Catherine Clark
hen Jeannel Cyr and Gaetan
Souchy left their carpentry
business for hog farming in 1979
they never dreamed that three years later
they would be forced to pay \$18,000 in
damages to nine neighbors who complained about the smell of pig manure.

In Charlo, N.B., farmer Terry Sullivan is being sued by 25 of his neighbors because of his hog farm's odor. Sullivan, who bought his farm in 1974, was farming two years before any of his neighbors built their houses.

The recent lawsuits against hog farmers have New Brunswick farmers "scared to death" that irate neighbors will sue them because of the noise or odor of their farms, says George Slipp, president of the New Brunswick Federation of Agriculture. Even if the farm was there first, Slipp says, farmers have virtually no protection in the courts.

"It's hard enough being a farmer as it stands now," he says. "But you can't farm if someone is keeping you in the courts because they don't like the smell."

The fear of litigation and the encroachment of city dwellers into rural areas has New Brunswick farmers fighting back. For four years the New Brunswick Federation of Agriculture has been lobbying the provincial government for "right to farm" legislation that would protect farmers from civil litigation. They may have finally won.

New Brunswick Agriculture Minister Malcolm MacLeod says right to farm legislation, although still in the embryonic stages, is expected to be introduced in the spring sitting of the legislature. Although a right to farm bill would give more protection to farmers, MacLeod says it's not intended to protect sloppy farmers who let manure lagoons pollute streams.

"We want to protect the farmers from the neighbor who doesn't like the smell or who's allergic to the farm" he said. "The legislation would not be designed to let farmers off the hook."

To most farmers, right to farm legislation is a motherhood issue. Sullivan says he feels that being a farmer is no longer a respected or appreciated profession. When his barn burned down last summer and he lost 1,200 hogs, Sullivan decided to try to stifle the growing opposition to his farm and its odor by moving his operation back a mile. He borrowed the money for the move, obtaining an interest-free loan from the provincial government. Since then, his neighbors, armed with petitions, have initiated legal action.

"A lot of people see farms as something that's pleasant to drive by," Sullivan says. "The majority of people think food comes from the Co-op or Save Easy. They'll do whatever they can to stop me from farming. They want to push me out of business."

Farmers who borrow money from the provincial Farm Adjustment Bureau or the federal Farm Credit Corporation must get a certificate of compliance issued jointly by the provincial health, environment and agriculture departments. The compliance ensures that a farm meets the recommended guidelines, established in 1976 and upgraded in 1983, for manure and waste management. But it has no legal

status. As Souchy, who spent nearly \$20,000 in legal fees with Cyr to fight their lawsuit, found out: "The compliance is good for nothing."

Souchy and Cyr operate adjacent hog farms in Madawaska County, sharing the same manure lagoon. Cyr said when they first built the lagoon they had problems with leakage that were later rectified. When he and Souchy found out they were being sued, they thought it was because of the leaking lagoon. But Cyr said they lost the suit because of the lagoon's smell.

"We can't do anything about the smell," Cyr said. "It's maybe only five or six times during the summer that it's really bad. They're trying to close us down. What can we do?" Cyr and Souchy's operations had passed inspection and both had received a certificate of compliance. The farmers, who bought their land from one of the neighbors who later sued them, said they followed all the guidelines, making sure their buildings were 400 feet from any neighbor. They say they were shocked when they found out the compliance was no protection against the lawsuit.

Sullivan agrees: "A roll of toilet paper and a certificate of compliance have the same value."

But that could change in any right to farm legislation. If the current guidelines were made into regulations and protected in an act of the legislature, farmers would have protection against civil litigation.

Earle Gilchrist, director of the agriculture department's engineering branch, says the current guidelines restrict a farmer from building within so many feet of residential, commercial or recreational buildings. But the guidelines apply only to farmers. There are no guidelines in most rural areas that restrict residents from building their homes too close to farms unless the area is part of a town planning authority.

Many municipalities have strong enough laws so that both parties know their rights. But Gilchrist says there have been cases in Ontario's Niagara Peninsula where city dwellers moved into rural areas, built houses and villages, then took the farmers to court. "We want to prevent this."

Although other provinces have had similar problems. George Slipp admits New Brunswick would be taking a "bold step" to introduce right to farm legislation. New York State passed legislation to protect farmers after its courts were bombarded with lawsuits against farmers by urban dwellers who moved to the country. Slipp says he knows of no similar legislation in Canada.

After four years of lobbying, farmers want a bill that has some clout. If right to farm legislation doesn't protect them from their neighbors, New Brunswick farmers may be spending more time in the courts and less in the fields.

PROVINCIAL REPORT NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

Electoral winds from offshore

A resurgent Liberal party led by Leo Barry may face an invigorated Premier Brian Peckford, armed with an offshore agreement, at the polls as early as this spring. The NDP is in it too. It could be a classic squareoff

he Liberals have a new leader and a recent edge in the opinion polls. The Conservatives have an agreement with Ottawa on the offshore. And the New Democrats have the backing of a powerful movement of social activists and trade unionists that has been fighting the government on several fronts.

It adds up to a rich political brew even by Newfoundland standards as the next provincial election approaches — an election Premier Brian Peckford may even

call this spring.

On the face of it, it seems as though the fortunes of all three parties are on the rise. The Liberals have had five leaders since 1979, but finally have a potential winner in Leo Barry, the ex-Tory energy minister who quit the cabinet in 1981 when Peckford reduced his power to negotiate with Ottawa. Barry was not so much elected as anointed leader last fall, win-

ning by 517 votes to his nearest rival's 51. An opinion poll shortly after showed the Liberals six percentage points ahead of the Tories.

But since then the Newfoundland government has reached agreement with Ottawa on the offshore — a deal that would give revenue from offshore oil as if the oil were on land, which is what Peckford has wanted all along.

Peckford tied his fortunes to such an agreement so tightly that the first result could be an election. In the 1982 election a whopping 61 per cent of the voters gave him a mandate to strike an offshore deal. Despite his sagging fortunes since then, his reward could well be a third term in office.

But there's a kink in both parties' rosy calculations. It's the NDP, which won its first legislative seat in last September's by-election (the Conservatives have 45 seats, the Liberals six). Although small, the



Barry: ready to test his mettle

NDP has the backing of the Coalition for Equality — which includes the unions, notably Richard Cashin's 22,000-member United Food and Commercial Workers International Union, and various social and church groups. The coalition formed in the wake of bitter strikes by 850 telephone workers and 750 trawlermen, and then fought the government over two controversial pieces of legislation — Bill 59, which limits the right to strike in essential services, and Bill 37, which retroactively shortens the notice period employers must give before temporary layoffs.

Peckford's critics have accused him of turning from a "populist" to an "autocrat." While he's the target, he seems less worried than Barry about the political effects of the movement. Cashin has dismissed the Liberals as an unworthy alternative. Barry responds that splitting the opposition is a sure-fire way to re-elect the Tories. He charges that the coalition's leaders are out of touch with its members and do not represent a significant political force.

But even if the coalition is only a small factor at election time, the Liberals still have a tough row to hoe. Mark Graesser, political scientist and pollster at Memorial University, says an offshore deal would swing 10 per cent of the vote Peckford's way. "The PCs would undoubtedly win, but the Liberals would make gains." Why not a Liberal win? Because Peckford's grip on the legislature is as strong as Joey Smallwood's ever was, says Graesser. "Things are not going to switch around entirely in one election."

Barry, however, does not agree and is itching to test his mettle in electoral battle. He has been trying to surround himself with the elements needed to defect Peckford — a brash young coterie that will sweep away the last traces of the Smallwood past.

Leading the team is new party president Paul Dicks, a 35-year-old lawyer from Corner Brook. He says the Liberals

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WHERE THE WORLD IS AT HOME

need \$500,000 to oust the Tories and he's going to the mainland to get it — soliciting corporations from the Fortune 500 listing. In the past the Liberals solicited only in Newfoundland. The Liberal candidates, says Dicks, will be a coalition of "mayors, school principals and leaders of trade unions"

But the Conservatives have already laid out an attack against Barry: he can't avoid the fact that he switched parties. "He himself would have more credibility if he hadn't crossed the floor," says Bill Marshall, the minister responsible for the offshore. He says the switch was a matter of bad blood. "Some of us have styled Leo Barry a jealous Tory," he says, adding Barry never accepted Peckford's leadership after losing the 1979 Tory leadership race.

But switching parties is not an oddity in Newfoundland and Barry has his own line of attack. Mobil Oil's environmental-impact statement on the Hibernia oilfield was due last fall but was delayed at the request of the provincial and federal governments. The document outlines how many jobs will be available at the project. The province says it wants to produce its own development plan but Barry has his own theory for the delay. "It's because the number of jobs that the Peckford government has said it will create won't exist."

There are 40,000 people regularly out of work in Newfoundland. Barry's Mobil sources tell him only 1,500 jobs can be had on floating production platforms or 5,000 on concrete platforms — depending on which system is chosen — during a peak year sometime in the 1990s.

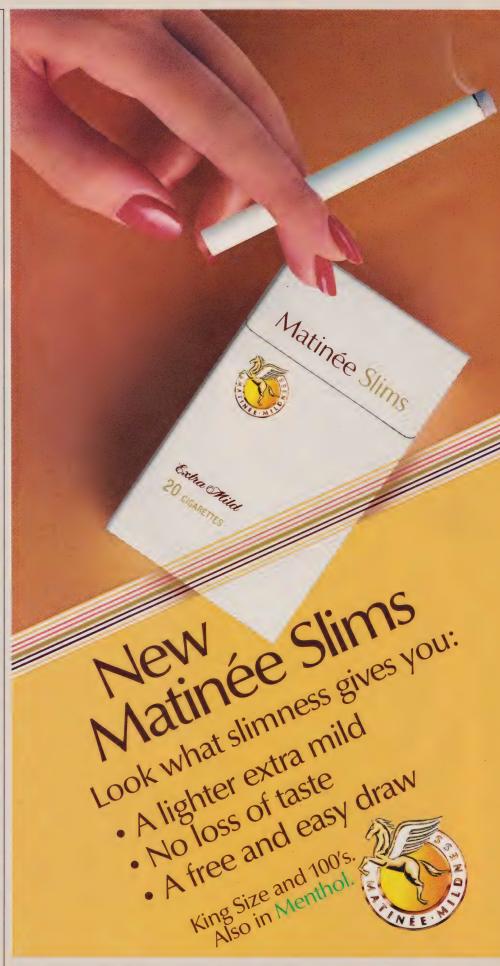
"The information, when it is released, will not live up to the expectations Peckford has been creating. And he'll not be willing to place his confidence or his trust in the people of Newfoundland when they get that information," he says.

It is generally conceded that Peckford has a personality advantage over Barry. The premier appeals to rural voters as the bad boy of Confederation, fighting for those ever-elusive Newfoundland rights. The Liberal leader, a Yale graduate, is more the aloof aristocrat.

"I don't think Barry has anything like the broad, charismatic type personality," says Graesser. "I don't think he reaches very well to rural Newfoundlanders, the older people, the less intelligent."

The Liberals have their own opinions. "I think Peckford is a pathetic spectacle," says former party leader Steve Neary. "He came out of Green Bay as a little schoolteacher and I think he's out of his element. When it comes to common sense, I think the average Newfoundlander looks at him and says he's a goddamn fool."

Regardless of who's the fool and regardless of the issues, personalities will likely play a large part in the next election campaign. Barry's defection to the Liberals will draw considerable fire. Barry will try to stick to the issues. He's not the mud-slinging type, but mud is probably going to fly anyway.



Cam Hurst. Head fishing guide, Plummer's Lodges, Northwest Territories. Freelance big game guide throughout Canada and the Arctic Circle.

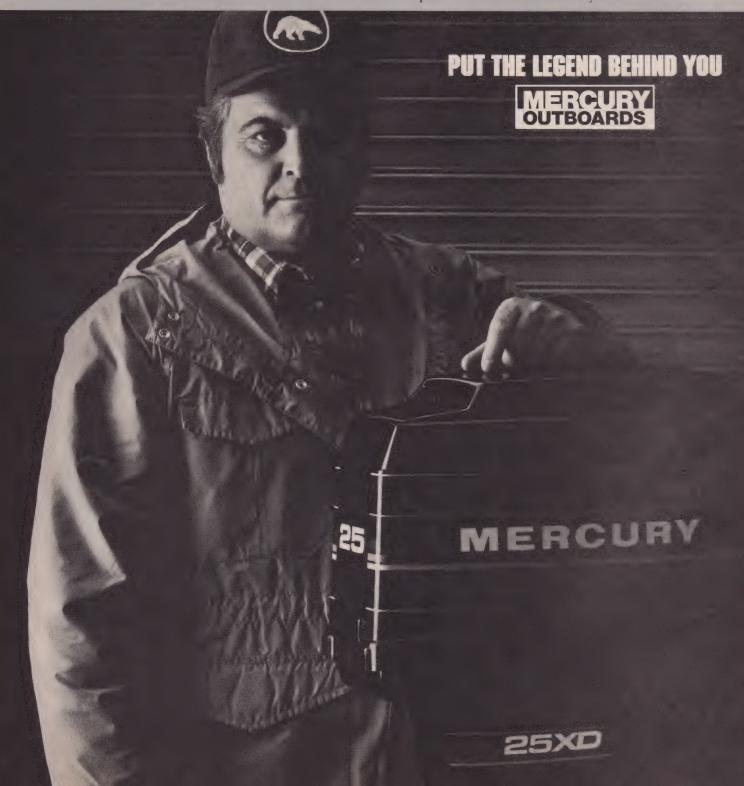
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PROVINCIAL REPORT PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Potato farmers try to foil bid to kill Island railways

If Canadian National has its way, rail lines in P.E.I. will be slashed to a mere 58 miles — almost ending the rail system that lured the Island into Confederation. Potato farmers want the abandonment blocked

promise by the Canadian government to finish building Prince Edward Island's railway system, and to maintain it, lured the province belatedly into Confederation in 1873. That system is now in jeopardy. It has been deteriorating rapidly since the last passenger was carried in 1969.

This doesn't seem to bother the general public too much and so the province is unlikely to want to back out of its Confederation agreement. But for potato farmers and shippers — who form one of the main pillars of the Island's economy — it's a major annoyance, and they're

fighting the cuts.

Recently 43 miles of track were sliced out of the 274.7-mile system when the Canadian Transportation Commission allowed Canadian National to abandon part of the Montague and Murray Harbour subdivisions and the Elmira spur. And later this year the CTC will hear an application from CN which, if successful, will eliminate 217 miles of track from the system — leaving only 57.7 miles in operation, linking Charlottetown, Summerside and the ferry terminal at Borden. Service from Summerside to Tignish and from Charlottetown to Souris and on to Montague and Murray Harbour would all be dropped.

In its hearings, the CTC determines when it is in the public interest to keep routes open. If the railways are ordered to keep running unprofitable routes they are subsidized to cover their losses, with the subsidy being reviewed after five years. CN says its P.E.I. lines are unprofitable — although, on the Island as elsewhere, CN is often accused of letting lines run down on purpose in order to

justify a closure.

While trains still run occasionally on the Island, the entire operation has been pared to the bone. Rail lines are in such poor condition that trains are limited to 30 m.p.h. on the Borden-Charlottetown run — the best-maintained line in the province. Maximum speed on the Souris line is 20 m.p.h. and 15 m.p.h. is the maximum to Montague.

Stations have disappeared and station agents have been replaced by two customer service representatives for the entire province. Train despatching is done by radio from Moncton. There are only six section-maintenance crews, a total of

18 men compared with 150 in better days, to care for the tracks. And there are only three four-man train crews, two of which operate from Borden — CN's operations hub on P.E.I. — and one from Charlottetown.

Despite this, rail lines are in slightly better condition than they were a few years ago thanks to machine-operated maintenance equipment brought to the Island in the summers. But one worker says all track maintenance is short-term: for example, last summer rotten ties dated 1936 were replaced by used ties from the mainland. The used ties had nails dated 1934 in them.

While the outlook for rail service on P.E.I. is bleak, it may be saved from extinction by a strong lobby from the influential potato industry. Potato shippers can make a good case for rail retention and they are supported by federal and provincial politicians, and the Island farming community.

John MacKenna, a potato exporter near Montague, names two basic reasons for retaining rail service: there aren't enough trucks available when shippers have to move large volumes of potatoes to Ontario and Quebec; and, in March and April weight restrictions are imposed on the fragile P.E.I. roads so rail cars are used extensively to move seed stock out

of the province.

"Sometimes we feel we can get by without rail service," says MacKenna, "but we still move about 125,000 hundredweight each year by rail, slightly more than 10 per cent of our business, and I hope it stays with us for a while. The railcar can be very convenient for the potato shipper too. You don't have to wait around half the day for the truck to arrive and there is an extra saving when the farmer can load right at a rail siding, and doesn't have to handle the load twice."

His views are echoed by Wyman Robinson, of Eric Robinson Inc. of Albany, one of the province's largest potato exporters. "We need the tracks because availability of piggyback (truck) equipment is generally a problem for us and we would be in trouble right now without rail transport. Highway transport is fine for Quebec business but rail is still the most economical for shipping to Ontario, and we use it heavily for seed shipments

in the spring when highway weight restrictions come into effect."

The P.E.I. government is painfully aware of the cost of building and maintaining roads that could handle extra heavy loads that will result if rail service dies. Due to a soil base, Island roads will break up under heavy traffic. The point was stressed at the 1982 rail abandonment hearing: only 286 of P.E.I.'s 2,233 miles of paved highways are all-weather roads capable of standing up to heavy loads in spring months, and then only with weight restrictions.

Yet CN thinks it must establish an intermodal system to do business in P.E.I. and promises a competitive, improved service by trucking P.E.I. goods to the rail

terminal in Moncton.

Pete Belanger, CN's assistant supervisor for P.E.I., says CN is at a disadvantage in its battle to keep pace with highway transport because it has to maintain both rail and highway transportation. But, he adds, CN is making progress and has recovered some business lost to the trucking industry in the 1970s when CN tried to compete using rail alone.

He says the piggyback service for P.E.I., which links with the new "Clipper" service at Moncton for a fast run to Toronto, "is definitely a faster service than rail and we have increased our piggyback service on the Island by 25 per cent since it went into operation." But there is a problem: there aren't enough trucks to handle peak shipping periods "but we

are working on that."

Potato shipments account for about 85 per cent of outgoing traffic, with small amounts of grain, hay and pulpwood making up the balance. Goods coming into the province include fertilizers, petroleum products, sand and gravel, cement, coal, animal feeds, building supplies and farm machinery. Potato shipments by rail reached a high of 250,000 tons in 1974 and have levelled off to about 100,000 in recent years.

A sampling of CN's losses on unprofitable routes was provided when CN applied to abandon the Souris subdivision in 1983. The notice of application showed that in 1980 the Souris line had revenues of \$555,041, operating costs of \$1.2 million and a loss of \$667,700; revenue for 1981 was \$624,737, operating costs were up to \$1.6 million and the loss was \$961,450; 1982 revenues increased to \$758,015, operating costs were \$1.3 million and the loss was \$551,966.

In recent years, railway technology has made tremendous advances, with high-speed passenger and freight trains showing the way in Europe and Japan. It is expected that improvements in rail transportation will eventually arrive in Canada sometime in the next 10 years, but if the rails have vanished from P.E.I. by then, the province will not be in a position to take advantage of the railway's new wave of the 1990s.

The Tories and the military: new start or old austerity?



Maritimers thought that with their first native-son defence minister since the Second World War military spending in the region would increase. That was before Feb. 12 when Bob Coates abruptly resigned following press reports of a latenight caper in West Germany last November.

The Conservatives have promised to upgrade the "unarmed forces," as they have been called. There's only one problem — money. Where will it come from in view of the country's massive debt? And now with Bob Coates out as defence minister, will the hoped-for spending increases occur?

ast September the Canadian armed forces broke out of the political trenches where they had been huddling for decades — they voted massively Tory in the federal election. As much as 71 per cent of the service vote went Conservative according to some estimates.

"Everybody wanted change — a new government, new equipment, distinctive uniforms, better conditions of service," says a serving chief petty officer, a 30-year veteran

He and countless others — serving and retired — finally cast off their endemic and, in the view of some, corroding loyalty to the Liberal party, a loyalty that went back to the early days of the Cold War. Two decades of personnel cutbacks, of unification gone wrong, of making do with obsolete and even dangerous equipment, and of failing to live up to international commitments all contributed to the forces' feeling that the Liberals had to go.

It was more than anti-Liberalism. The forces looked to the Conservatives for a better deal. Says

Vice-Admiral J.A. Fulton, retired commander of Maritime Command: "The platform of the Conservative party before the election was to see that Canada once again played its full part in NATO. This means new equipment and more men. It also means making the armed forces more visible both within and outside the country and giving back to each service the tradition and pride that go with such an undertaking."

Specifically, the Tories' pre-election promises included the reintroduction of distinctive uniforms for the navy, air force and army and the addition of 8,000 personnel (from 82,000) to the forces over a three-year period.

More recently, former defence minister Robert Coates said he wanted to increase the number of reservists from 20,000 to 50,000, calling it a "scandal" that the number had dropped so low.

All of which is of surpassing interest in Atlantic Canada. No part of Canada has a longer or stronger association with the military. The founding of Halifax in 1749 was done for military reasons. The taking of Louisbourg by the British in 1758 and of Ouebec a year later placed an indelible military stamp on the East Coast. As late as 1954, Nova Scotia Premier Angus L. Macdonald could, with reasonable accuracy, call Halifax "a bastion of British naval power in the North Atlantic." Even today, after what Coates termed "the emasculation of the armed forces," Halifax remains the country's main defence

The CF-18: two more years before it replaces the CF-104, which is already a museum piece

base and smaller centres in the region are alarmingly dependent on infusions of defence funds for their economic lifeblood.

Some figures.

The Nova Scotia Department of Development says 1983 defence spending in the province was \$547 million, 6.4 per cent of gross domestic product. That's more than fishing (\$394 million), agriculture (\$280 million), mining (\$176 million) or forestry (\$100 million).

The forces' own statistics, however, make those pale by comparison. According to the Department of National Defence, defence expenditures in Nova Scotia in 1983 were \$868 million, with employment measured in "person years" amounting to 21,645. CFB Halifax accounted for 13,000 of those jobs. Including 1,700 jobs at CFB Shearwater in Dartmouth, metro Halifax had more than two-thirds of defence employment in Nova Scotia.

In relative terms, the Annapolis Valley is equally reliant on defence spending. In 1983, CFB Greenwood provided 2,350 jobs and CFB Cornwallis the same number. Together, the two bases injected nearly \$180 million into the local economy. There are smaller bases at Barrington, Shelburne, Mill Cove and Sydney.

Defence is a vitally important mainstay of the economy of western Prince Edward Island. CFB Summerside provided 1,500 person years of employment in 1983 on spending of \$64 million.

With bases at Goose Bay, Gander and St. John's, Newfoundland's defence-generated jobs came to 1,600 on expendi-

tures of \$43 million.

New Brunswick received \$250 million in defence spending in 1983, a total that will grow as construction proceeds on six 4,200-tonne Canadian patrol frigates, replacements for the navy's ancient destroyers. The prime contractor is Irvingowned Saint John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. Ltd. CFB Gagetown accounted for 4,500 of New Brunswick's 7,000 defence jobs in 1983 with CFB Moncton and CFB Chatham making up the rest.

The economic aspect of the military in the Maritimes, if

not so much in Newfoundland, is such that Coates considered his portfolio as an "economic" one vis-a-vis the region. This is a view he brought with him from his days as a backbencher when he fought continually to obtain defence contracts for the aircraft division of chronically hard-up Enamel and Heating Ltd. in his home town of Amherst, N.S. In January he even suggested the way to bring about economic recovery in Canada was through defence spending.

In December, when announcing that the air base at Chatham would be retained, Coates stated that when Prime Minister Mulroney swore in his cabinet "there were some (Maritimers) who said, 'Well, it's unfortunate that we don't have an economic minister from the Maritime Provinces.' Well, all I can say if this (announcement) isn't economics I don't know what economics is...'

Coates' Chatham announcement was one of his first major ones. Two years ago Ottawa decided to phase out Chatham's main military unit, a squadron of Voodoo jet fighters. Under much pressure, the Liberals agreed to keep the base open by establishing a low-level air-defence training centre and a mobile anti-aircraft brigade and to move the military's pay centre to Chatham from Ottawa. The Conservatives scrapped the pay centre move, but agreed in recompense to transfer a squadron of aging CF-5s to Chatham from Bagotville, Que. Local defence-based employment under the Conservatives' plan is expected to increase slightly to more than 1,400. The airbase injected some \$80 million in 1983 into the Chatham-area economy.

Dependent as they are on defence spending, Atlantic Canadians might well have been happy that they had a frankly political Maritimer as defence minister. Coates' Feb. 12 resignation put an end — for the time being at least — to the warm thought that one of "our" own was in a position to shower goodies upon the region. Strangely, however, Coates' appointment failed to evoke much enthusiasm. One reason may have been the man himself.

Coates has a gift for giving gratuitous offense. In December he needlessly insulted Canada's peace groups when he told a Winnipeg audience that the peace movement is "in very bad shape" and that's "only right and proper." He also joked that Nova Scotia knows how to handle protesters because 16 peace demonstrators had been taken to jail in Halifax.

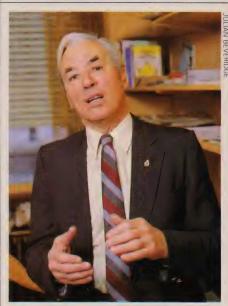
Among the groups which condemned Coates' remarks were the respected Physicians for Social Responsibility and Veterans for Multilateral Nuclear Disarmament. The national chairman of the latter organization, C.G. "Giff" Gifford of Halifax, a Second World War navigator with 49 bombing raids over Europe, says that Coates seemed "the least likely member of cabinet to share our aims. His comments in the press over the years make him out to be extremely weapons-oriented with a blind anti-Soviet attitude."

Veterans are hardly unilateral disarmers. While they oppose further build-up of NATO forces (NATO is "overarmed already"), and support a no-first-use NATO policy on nuclear weapons, Gifford says, "Canada's military has an important role for the future, such as defence of our own shores." Canadian warships, he suggests, should be equipped for ice-breaking, pointing out that the steel hulls of our destroyers are only three-sixteenths of an inch thick.

With Coates out as minister, the relationship between the peace groups and the government will probably be more cordial. But the morale of the military is likely to suffer from his departure. In just five months on the job, Coates displayed much energy and enthusiasm. Now, thanks to that extracurricular lark in Lahr, the armed forces are back on the familiar treadmill of breaking in another new and inexperienced minister.

Coates' troubles are proof that years in politics are

COVER STORY



Gifford: alienated by Coates' "blind anti-Soviet attitude"

no guarantee against the indiscretions that all of us are prone to, indiscretions that may be forgiven or even applauded when committed by ordinary mortals. But politicians, senior ones especially, are judged by different standards. Coates should have known that.

Coates has been a Member of Parliament for 28 years, the winner of 11 consecutive elections in his riding of Cumberland-Colchester. In his early years he was a highly vocal MP for his constituency and defender of the Diefenbaker government, although his loyalty to Diefenbaker didn't bring him any particular preferment. With the 1963 return of the Liberals to power, Coates became a persistent critic of the Pearson government — and of the rising dissent against John Diefenbaker within the Tory party. His loathing for the Dalton Camp-led forces spawned his book The Night of the Knives which one critic dismissed as "Canada's first political penny dreadful."

During the 1970s, Coates seemed to lose fire, spending less time in Parliament and more on the global road. He regularly attended interparliamentary conferences in such countries as Ireland, Spain, France, Belgium, and Malaysia. He was a guest of and public apologist for the right-wing governments of South Africa and South Korea.

Coates supported Brian Mulroney's 1976 bid for the Conservative leadership. With Joe Clark as Tory leader, Coates' career seemed bound in the shallows of power — a certain winner of his own seat but forever frozen out of office. Not surprisingly, he was passed over when Clark became prime minister in 1979. By 1980, however, with the Tories defeated and Clark clearly on the downslope, Coates became president of the national PC association (amid much controversy because of his support for the South African regime) — a post he used to advance the Mulroney cause.









Top: Coates at Chatham: "If this isn't economics, I don't know what economics is" Centre: An aging CF-104 from Cold Lake, Alberta

Bottom: An artist's conception of a new Canadian patrol frigate

Only a few eyebrows were raised last September when at age 56, and after 27 undistinguished years in the House of Commons, Robert Carman Coates became the ninth minister of national defence since the disastrous incumbency of Paul Hellyer.

As he had no military background — Coates practised law in Amherst before entering politics — servicemen were expecting no more of him personally than they did of his unprepossessing Liberal predecessors, Jean-Jacques Blais, Gilles Lamontagne, James Richardson, Edgar Benson and Leo Cadieux. In recent years, only Barney Danson, an affably energetic veteran of the Second World War, won ministerial kudos from service people.

Before the blockbuster resignation, Col. Ian Fraser, a retired airborne brigade commander, put a hopeful light on Coates' appointment: "He and Danson are the only ones in recent years who really wanted the job." Even then, Fraser, now the producer/director of the muchacclaimed Nova Scotia Tattoo, entered a mid caveat: "How long will Coates stay on the job? If he leaves in a year or two, not much can be accomplished." Those words have a macabre ring to them now.

But however long Coates' tenure at DND might have been and however short it was, the fate of the armed forces rests not so much with an individual minister but with the government as a whole, and especially with Prime Minister Mulroney and Finance Minister Michael Wilson. For the moment, the government's good intentions are clothed in the gossamer of the Tories' rhetoric and the somewhat more substantial stuff of distinctive new uniforms — the latter a \$36-million decision which is to some highly popular and a potent morale builder and to others a wastefully expensive and a potentially disruptive cosmetic.

The first indication of the government's long-term defence plans will come this spring with the publication of a Green Paper. That discussion document will lead late this year to a White Paper, the first full statement of defence policy since 1971. As last November's throne speech noted, "Canada's defence forces urgently require a new definition of their role in keeping with present-day conditions... The purpose (of the policy review) is to clarify the mandate of our military and to give them the resources they need to do their job."

That will take some doing. The 1971 policy outlined the following as the armed forces' essential role: the surveillance of Canada's territory and coastlines, i.e. the protection of national sovereignty; the defence of North America in co-operation with the U.S. forces; the fulfilment of NATO commitments; and international peacekeeping.

Those roles have evolved but not changed fundamentally over three decades. What has changed — and drastically — is the amount of money available to perform the tasks. Defence expenditures as a share of the federal budget reached a peacetime high of 43 per cent in 1953. In 1961,



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COVER STORY

Canada's forces had a permanent strength of 126,000, with defence spending accounting for 27 per cent of the budget. Throughout the 1960s and '70s, spending, both for personnel and particularly for equipment, continued to decline as a percentage of the budget. By 1980, the Liberals, returned to power, judged that the cutbacks had gone too far: they pledged that the defence budget would grow by three per cent in real terms each year. That modest goal wasn't achieved. The 1983-84 budget was \$8 billion, 9.2 per cent of total federal spending. Regular forces numbered 82,000, over 60 per cent of them being administrators and technicians.

The result has been bountiful stories of the country's defence inadequacies. Peter C. Newman in his 1983 book, *True North —Not Strong and Free*, lists a few of them; any military man could tell equally unim-

posing tales:

• An American version of Canada's CF-104, which for another two years (until the new CF-18s come fully into service) will be our main air weapon in NATO, is considered so outdated that it has recently been added to the historical exhibits of the United States Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio.

• The computers that operate the firing systems on most Canadian warships depend on antiquated vacuum tubes. Only two factories still turn out such obsolete equipment: one is located in Poland, the other in the U.S.S.R.

• Despite Canada's climate and geography, the army has no oversnow vehicles. In one winter exercise, held on Melville Island in the Arctic, armored personnel carriers managed to move less than 35 kilometres a day — about half the distance covered by a not particularly perky dogsled team.

• If the country met its existing NATO commitments, fewer than 3,000 troops would remain on Canadian soil to defend Canada's home territory in any

future war.

• Although the Soviets have close to half a million undersea mines, at the moment our only defence against these deadly weapons is one squad of very nervous frogmen, groping around harbor bottoms with hand-held sonar sets.

Those were problems the Tories knew about when they came to office. Since then more have come to light. In December, Auditor General Kenneth Dye reported that the cost of bringing the CF-18 jet fighter into service will be \$2.2 billion more than the previously estimated \$5.2 billion. Among other tough criticisms of DND, Dye said that the brand new 18-plane fleet of Aurora anti-submarine aircraft was so "plagued with epidemic parts failures" that some must be placed on "rob status" and used as parts planes just to keep others flying.

On another front, the editor of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, the authoritative naval review published in England, said the six new frigates on order at \$3.85 billion (in

1983-84 dollars) were "ridiculously expensive" and not good value for the money. Capt. John Moore said Canada should instead build and put to sea "eight to ten" smaller but just as powerful vessels that would be cheaper to run and refit. The first of the new frigates was scheduled to be delivered in early 1989, but problems at the shipyard may set that back.

Coates rejected Moore's criticism, saying he'd rather rely on his own advisers than Jane's. Indeed, he told the Commons that DND was "making preparations now to enter into contracts with Canadian industry to carry out design definition studies for a second batch of

Canadian patrol frigates."

Despite the brickbats and the massive cost overruns, the Conservatives aren't backing away from their pre- and post- election pledges — yet. During December's meeting of NATO defence ministers, Coates promised these "improvements": "increases in our land and air forces in Europe, full-scale exercise in 1986 of the Brigade Group which we have committed to the defence of northern Norway, and protection of our European airfields by low-level air defence. We are moving forward in Europe."

Even so, DND didn't escape the deficit-reducing cutbacks Finance Minister Wilson announced in November. The last Liberal budget proposed defence spending of \$9.5 billion in 1985-86. Wilson pared this by \$154 million. Coates said that reductions in the rate of inflation and "more realistic purchases" by DND made the \$154-million saving possible. He did acknowledge that there might be a "delay" in putting 8,000 additional people in the forces but denied the budget cuts would interfere "in any way with present or future commitments."

Perhaps. Perhaps not. One of those whose high hopes for the Tories have already been dashed is the chief petty offi-

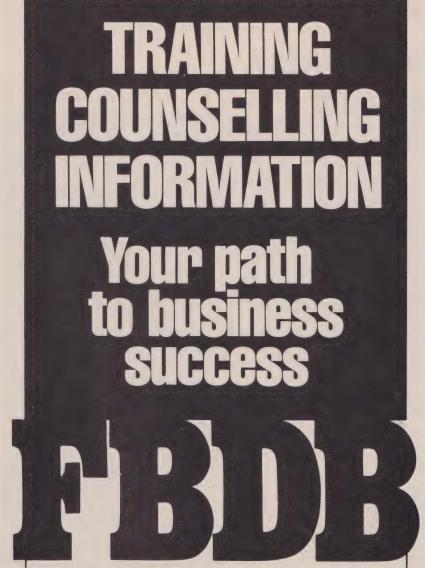
cer with 30 years service.

The "delay" in increasing the size of the forces doesn't faze him. "The Liberals loaded youth employment programs on us. Now we have too many people for the equipment we have. Without equipment you can't use the forces for job creation. If you have only 4,000 chairs, you don't invite 8,000 people," he says.

What does upset the chief petty officer is the \$154-million budget reduction. He asks, "If the Conservatives are threatening to abolish universality of social programs — Mulroney's 'sacred trust' — what priority is defence then?"

Good question. Committed to reducing the deficit, faced with continuing slow economic growth, confronted by costly overruns on Liberal re-equipment programs, beset by scores of competing demands, and opposed by an increasingly vocal peace movement that regards defence spending as worthless or warmongering, how can the Conservatives live up to their defence promises?

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SMALL TOWNS

Happy Valley, Labrador

It was an instant town created when the Americans built the gigantic airbase nearby during the Second World War. It thrived for two decades, but now a much smaller Happy Valley finds its citizens of two minds about their future in the community

nstant towns are a rarity in the Atlantic Provinces, but in the north they're commonplace. Happy Valley-Goose Bay got its start when Canadian surveyor Eric Fry got his first look at what was known as "Robert's Berry Bank" from the home of a local trapper in June, 1941. A week later, an American survey team, headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt's son, Elliott, spotted the same site during an aerial survey. Fry and Roosevelt had a meeting and then notified their respective governments of their findings.

What had excited them was a 70-foothigh, scrub-covered, fly-infested plateau, fog-free and as flat as a pancake — perfect for aircraft runways. Within two years it had become the largest, most isolated and most expensive air strip ever con-

structed in North America.

Wartime pundits expected Goose Bay (as Robert's Berry Bank was soon labelled) to become the "Charring Cross of the world's skyways." For a time their prophesies ran true. An estimated 25,000 aircraft passed through Goose Bay during the Second World War. The Cold War sparked a second expansionary period during which the American population of Goose Bay alone reached 12,000. Three 7,000-foot runways handled up to 100 aircraft a day, and enough fuel was stored at the base to run Canada for two days. The rise of intercontinental ballistic missiles in the 1960s, however, doomed the base to oblivion. By 1976, 12,000 Americans had left, what remained was a 10-man detachment.

The 1940s and '50s have gone down in the books as Goose Bay's heroic age. Happy Valley-Goose Bay Mayor Hank Shouse remembers them fondly. Shouse, the strapping son of a Dakota doctor, first saw "the Goose" in 1944. "I was destined to come to Labrador," he says, "I came in with the overland rescue unit. It was dogs and sleds in those days. Overland rescue was the most non-military branch of the service you could be in and still be in the military. It gave us lots of contact with the people and the country. I came

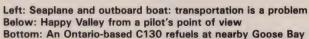
back of my own accord the week after I was discharged."

There's a bravado to Shouse, which is explained in part by his long residency and in part by his unusual heritage. His father fought in the American Civil War and was 78 when Shouse was born. Shouse was his 19th child. Shouse's grandfather was conceived in the last year of the 18th century. Shouse's achievements in Happy Valley are scarcely less eccentric. Drawing on his dog-team experience, he founded the region's first transport company, connected North West River to Happy Valley-Goose Bay by cable car, and in the 1960s constructed the community's only ski hill. "Happy Valley-Goose Bay is so off the beaten track," says

Shouse, "that it's a little like an unexplored or undeveloped island. For a businessman, it's definitely not a user-friendly system. To succeed here you've got to have a specific goal and the company has to come first. Too many businesses these days are founded on the idea of bankruptcy."

Five miles west of Happy Valley-Goose Bay's showy town council offices, Joyce Pye MacSwaine, an Amherst, N.S., native, sits in her standard-issue Ministry of Transport living room. MacSwain is unimpressed with the achievements of Happy Valley-Goose Bay's old guard. Shouse and ex-mayor Jim Kelland (editor of Happy Valley-Goose Bay's lively newspaper, *The Labradorian*), are avid sup-

20









Churchill, the resuscitation of the region's off-again, on-again woods industry. Their track record on social issues, however, has been unremarkable. Two years ago MacSwain ran for council (she lost) on a platform which highlighted the community's social problems: the lack of activities for teenagers, the housing shortage for people on welfare (scandalous in a community with plenty of vacant dwellings), and the need for a transition house for battered wives. "Happy Valley-Goose Bay is not a large place, but it's badly laid out," says MacSwain. "Transportation's a problem for both the young and the old

SMALL TOWNS



The Vocational Institute and a symbol of the former U.S. presence

— indeed for anyone without a car. The gyms are at the far end of Happy Valley. The theatre is on base. It's an eight-mile trip to the bowling alley. The pressure to socialize has led to a lot of drinking; and the drinking, in turn, has led to a lot of marital problems."

Watching the town's teenagers and Inuit trudge along the roadside in a March

wind, it's easy to grasp MacSwain's point. Happy Valley-Goose Bay is not an easy community to live in if you're poor. Admittedly, housing's cheap and wood for fuel is readily available. There are 700 or 800 government jobs, but other kinds of work are scarce. The closing of the Labrador Linerboard Ltd. mill in 1978 has left Happy Valley-Goose Bay virtually

without industry. Many stayed on but chronic unemployment has begun to take its toll — particularly in a town already known for its heavy drinking.

The division between Happy Valley-Goose Bay's prosperous and less prosperous inhabitants is long standing. In the old days Goose Bay was the prospering half. Goose Bay base was built on a scale that would have embarrassed a Babylonian emperor. Its transplanted denizens were one and all exquisitely serviced, busied and bored. Happy Valley was the inevitable neighboring shantytown, held at arm's length by a dictatorial military establishment. It was tawdry, topsy and (it was hoped) temporary. History may have reversed itself - with the American withdrawal, it is now "the base" which has become the dump and "the valley" which has taken on an air of permanence — but the longstanding customs of segregation are maintained. There are even two winter carnivals, one a traditional base affair, full of arcane inter-service rivalry, and the other a recent, municipal affair.

Back in the early days of Goose Bay, the boys on the base thought of the valley as "Eskimo." They made the five-mile trip regularly, to partake of tea and, in Alice Perrault's words, "to see if they could get hold of some of the girls."

The Perraults, Saunders and Broomfields were the first to settle the valley in 1944. Alice still lives in the rambling,



Coast-style bungalow, built by her husband, Thorwald, in stages, whenever he had a moment to spare from his work for the Americans. Before moving to Happy Valley, Thorwald worked for the Hudson's Bay Company in Makkovik, some 250 kilometres away on the coast. Alice, the daughter of Makkovik's Moravian minister, had a passion for autographs. The eeriest signature she collected was that of Charles Hubbard, who dropped in on the Perraults shortly before his death while attempting an ill-advised crossing of Labrador's uncharted interior. Hubbard, no whiz at making predictions, wrote in Alice's autograph book, "first by air and then by sea. Perhaps I may manage a submarine next year. In any case I hope to get back." Other recognizable signatures include those of Captain Bob Bartlett, Anthony Paddon, Sir Wilfred

Grenfell and Charles A. Lindbergh.

The Perraults were no "Eskimos" but rather the elite of Labrador, driven to Happy Valley by the depressed conditions on the coast. Perrault has bitter memories of the way the base treated its native Labrador employees. "They weren't very co-operative," she says of the time a valley child fell sick and it became necessary to contact a base doctor, "I told them I had a very sick baby on my hands. They told me I wasn't one of their patients. I told them, 'I don't care, the baby's sick.' The child was saved, but they made us walk the six miles back home."

Calling Happy Valley-Goose Bay a



Original settler Alice Perrault

community seems almost extravagance; it's more like an ark on which a dozen separately-stranded species have found refuge. There are coastal people in for the winter, transplanted southerners attracted by high wages, servicemen and their families on two-year postings, British and German airmen on manoeuvres, American "naval seals" fresh from their survival training in the wilderness, outport Newfoundlanders stranded in Happy Valley by the collapse of Labrador Linerboard, British medical personnel and American ex-servicemen who have married locally, Innu and Inuit sightseers and coastal kids attending the trades school.

Perhaps the time will come when Happy Valley-Goose Bay will grow (or shrink further) into a solid community. In the interim it is not the community but Happy Valley-Goose Bay's citizens who change. "I really enjoyed it when we first moved here," says Jane Matthews, Joyce Pye MacSwain's next-door neighbor, "I was 21 and open to change. I'd grown up in an established community. Coming here was like running away from home. When we first arrived in 1968, everyone's spirit was high. You couldn't find a halfdozen families that weren't involved in the community." Matthews herself helped organize Happy Valley-Goose Bay's first day-care centre and a food co-op. Having moved away for six years, however, the Matthews discovered on their return that their feelings had changed. "I guess you could say we've grown out of Happy



SMALL TOWNS



The Moravian church

Valley-Goose Bay," says Dan Matthews, a weatherman with the Ministry of Transport. "Now that our children are older, we've begun to worry about the quality of education here. The teacher turn over is very high. We find people have the attitude now, too, that things are as good as they can be and that the government owes them a living. I can't buy that kind of rationale."

Recent arrivals remain enthusiastic about Happy Valley-Goose Bay - but the Matthews were enthusiastic, too, when they first arrived. It was carnival week on the base during my visit and it was not hard to find people who were enthusiastic about Goose Bay living. Carol Bradbury was engrossed in a game of beer checkers when I talked to her. "You meet people from everywhere," said the Bay Roberts native, "I like it here because of the social life. It's a place that revolves around the military clubs and the people you meet. When I've had to explain this place to people, I've said that it's something that grows on you." A nearby "naval seal" felt much the same way. "When I first heard I was posted here, I had no idea what it was going to be like. Now, if I had to sum up Goose Bay in one word, I'd call it a surprise."

Happy Valley-Goose Bay has always been an exciting stopover. The question is, can it ever become a place that offers its citizens a permanent place of residence? One does encounter reasons for long-term optimism. The chances for major industrial development may seem slim but the opportunities for small-scale enterprises are considerable. "If someone set up a greenhouse," says ex-Trinidadian Michael Joseph, "they'd have an instant

winner." Joseph has successfully launched an egg farm, and sells wood stoves and pre-fab housing. "This is a place full of all kinds of resources that haven't been tapped," he says, "we need a lot more people here, and this place would really open up." At the opposite end of the spectrum, there's Dave Lough, who first moved to Happy Valley-Goose Bay in the early '70s as a project co-ordinator for the Company of Young Canadians. The mid 1970s were the golden age of social action in Happy Valley-Goose Bay, a period which saw the creation of many of the town's most innovative organizations: Them Days magazine, the Labrador Heritage Association, the Labrador Craft Producers, the Friendship Centre and the Terrington Co-op. Others left, but Lough has stayed on to become principal of the Vocational Institute.

Like MacSwain, Lough is frustrated by governmental soft peddling of social issues. "The government's response to the problems of today is to build airstrips," he says, with no intended irony. Lough, though, holds out hope for a breakthrough. "There's been an increased awareness of alcohol problems in the last few years," he says, "and some major funding has come through. The whole government's mandate is being looked at, and there's an ongoing internal restructuring." Lough has no plans to leave Happy Valley-Goose Bay, but has comfortably settled in with his family. Like many who have chosen to stay, he sees the departure of the Americans as a good thing — it has tilted the community more towards permanence. "The people here now," says, "are the ones who plan to stick it out with the community.



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REHABILITATION

After years in prison, nature is a special treat

A few weeks in a wilderness camp can give a prison inmate especially one from the city— a new outlook on life. So say both prisoners and prison officials of the experience at Shulie Lake, near Parrsboro, N.S.

by Evalyn Gautreau
or 15 minutes each day I hike,
meditate on nature and absorb its
beauty," says Nick, 28, who has
spent seven years behind prison walls.
"When I'm walking in the woods or
beside the lake I think, "Wow, I'd better
not screw up again!" I'm aware of what
I missed in life. In the institution I used
to look out the window into the hills and
I just longed to be out there. So now, at
camp, this is the dream come true."

"Camp" is a rough spot with few facilities at Shulie Lake, near Parrsboro, N.S., where the Correctional Service of Canada — the federal prison authority — runs a program for inmates about to be released from the medium-security prison at Springhill, N.S. Nick's 15-minute strolls were taken during time off from training courses in forestry and water and wildlife management. The intent is to give the inmates a learning experience that could help them on release. Yet the way in which the "offenders outdoor program" has perhaps most affected the inmates is that it has given them a different perspective on their lives — one that

they might not get in, for example, an urban halfway house or by returning directly to freedom.

Mike, an inmate nearing the end of a 10-year sentence, felt the program was valuable even if he never used the forestry skills. "Even weekends or a vacation camping instead of raising hell on the streets can change a person's whole attitude towards life. If only one in a hundred uses this experience at a later date, if his life is influenced for the good, then it's worthwhile."

Pat, another day parolee, says the camping experience "came at a time when I was in a terrible rut mentally. Experiencing individual freedom, just being able to relax even though there were jobs to be done, was wonderful. In addition, roughing it the way we did made me more self-reliant. I was really enthused about the program, writing to my family about it, telling about the wildlife I saw. When my wife came to visit, and I got out on pass, I took her to see the camp. We rode in a canoe and I showed her a deer trail. I'm hoping the program will be a year-round thing. It's a wonderful opportu-



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REHABILITATION



Matthews: the wilderness eases tensions

nity for inmates to have this experience."

Dave Matthews, superintendent of the minimum-security Sand River Correction Centre, which directs the program, says idleness and boredom can be among the

most destructive elements in prison life. He adds that releasing offenders from the tensions and frustrations of the institution to a relaxing wilderness area "will affect a positive attitude change." The program, he says, will be expanded this summer to include a log building course. In this way facilities can be erected on site by the parolees themselves at minimum cost. The parolees must go through the National Parole Board process. After becoming eligible for day parole they stay

at the camp for two weeks.

A counsellor at the correction centre points out that a large percentage of inmates come from broken homes and have never experienced the joy of camping with family or friends. They lack outdoor skills and are not comfortable in a forest environment. Since urban society has been the extent of their experience, the sounds of nature frighten them. "Acquiring new skills and overcoming fear helps them develop a mind capable of dealing with the world around them. They gain both self-confidence and self-respect."

The camp has been erected in a secluded part of the forest five miles from Sand River in a stand of red spruce, balsam, fir, maple and white birch on the shores of Shulie Lake. Facilities are rustic. Parolees bathe in the lake daily, sleep in tents and cook their own food over an open fireplace. For a short time they basically fend for themselves. In an environment that depends on co-operation, the men learn to work together. There are also recreation activities such as swimming, canoeing, fishing and hiking.

Not strangely, perhaps, for urban people, the men mostly have a great initial fear of camping in the woods. "It has taken me almost two weeks to overcome this fear," says a parolee named Sheldon. "Getting a feel for the forest and learning about the animals and plants helped me overcome this. I'm especially interested in plant life and which roots are edible. I'm confident now that if I got stranded in the woods, I could survive. It's good to be out here in the wilderness, living with nature. It brings back memories of things my father and I did together when I was a boy. I've missed out on the good things in life since those early years. This program is good for me and good for others. Whenever a guy is offered the chance to go on a program like this, he should take it.'

A number of men show an avid interest in bird-watching; others in plant life which abounds on either side of the trail leading to the camp; still others enjoy nothing more than listening to the sounds of nature. Although this situation may "affect attitude change," it is too early to determine the lasting effects. But all the inmates interviewed agreed that they were overwhelmed by the experience.

Vince MacDonald, director of Correctional Service of Canada for Nova Scotia, says parolees involved with other wilderness programs made this a part of their lifestyle after release. They got back to family dynamics. Rather than wandering the streets, asking for trouble, they took their families fishing, canoeing or hiking in the woods. They were better prepared to take their place in the community as law-abiding citizens. They became receptive to what the community expected of them. "Each person is given certain responsibilities," he says. "They never had this before, that is why they were having problems. Also some of the skills learned come back to the men in dayto-day living.'

Another aspect to be taken into consideration, he says, is that an outdoor program gives staff an opportunity to observe the day parolee and try to understand what makes him tick in a different environment. After an inmate gets back on the street, his parole officer will have a better idea of how to interpret his attitudes

and hang-ups.

Programs such as this one also help alleviate the stress of overcrowding in the institutions, which is severe right now. Carl, for example, is glad "space" was provided outside the institution so he could experience a side of life that was

foreign to him.

"I got up at five one morning and went out to the edge of the lake. I was alone. Everything was quiet. In the stillness I actually heard the forest. Birds singing, wind in the trees, and in the water a moose crossing to the other side. A great sense of peace came to me at that moment. I stayed at the camp only a short while but I wish it could have lasted all summer."

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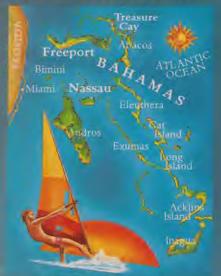


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In pursuit of the killer wave

"Waves have killed as many people as wars," says oceanographer Hans Neu. Strange, then, that they're so poorly understood. And understanding waves is essential if oil rigs and platforms are going to be adequately designed

ans Neu has never understood why the world has been so casual about research into ocean waves. For thousands of years man has been going to sea, he explains, only to find his vessels, unable to take the battering of the sea, sinking beneath him. Since 1970, when he began producing maps of wave heights across the North Atlantic, Neu has tried to counter this fatalistic indifference to research that could save lives.

"Waves have killed as many people as wars," laments Neu, who recently retired from the Bedford Institute of Oceanography but remains active in the field. "Even during World War II in the Pacific the Americans lost more servicemen to waves than to the Japanese."

Neu points out that a century ago or earlier a systematic examination of ships' logs could have produced charts that indicated areas of the ocean where large waves presented a danger to shipping. His own work is based on the same simple method: the visual estimates of wave heights reported from ships and oil rigs across the North Atlantic. The Canadian Forces Meteorological and Oceanographic Centre in Halifax compiles this information into maps showing contours of constant wave height.

Published every 12 hours, these maps provide a synopsis of the sea state for the time across the ocean. Neu condensed this data to provide similar maps of "wave climate," representing monthly and annual largest wave heights for one year and eventually for 13 years (1970-1982). Stark geographic and seasonal patterns soon emerged from these summaries of millions of observations. Using simple statistics, Neu was then able to predict the largest waves to be expected over longer periods, up to 100 years. These are the so-called "design waves" used by engineers trying to build structures that can withstand even the most severe

Neu's maps reveal one dominant geographical trend. The height of the largest waves found in a normal year increases from west to east across the North Atlantic: from about 30 feet on the Scotian Shelf to more than 40 feet to the west of Ireland. Predicted 100-year design waves, while much larger, increase in the same way, from 100 feet off the Canadian coast to more than 130 feet off Ireland. And

large waves are 10 times as frequent on the European side of the ocean as on the North American side. This trend is the result of the winds that form the waves at these latitudes, the "prevailing westerlies" which blow from our coast to Europe. (In a steady wind, wave height increases with "fetch," or the distance the wave has travelled.)

The other major trend is seasonal. The highest observed summer waves off Eastern Canada are about 14 feet while winter storms regularly produce 35-foot waves. The difference in wave energy is even more pronounced, as a two-fold increase in height means a four-fold increase in energy. Storms are also more frequent in winter: more than 200 major winter storms from the southwest (which meteorologists call North Atlantic cyclones) pass over Atlantic Canada during this season. The few hurricanes that may pass this way in the fall usually have a shorter fetch, and so relatively smaller waves despite the ferocity of their winds.

Neu has often been critical of the wave climate studies conducted by oil companies who prefer the more accurate but limited data available from instruments mounted on rigs and buoys — instruments that often break down after only a couple of weeks under harsh ocean conditions. "This sort of data is totally insufficient for designing offshore structures," claims Neu, who criticized the wave data used in the environmental assessment of the Venture project for this reason. "At least six years' data are needed to give meaningful results."

As a resident expert on waves and one who had been asked to study the storm that broke up the tanker *Kurdistan*, Neu began his own study of the waves that sent the *Ocean Ranger* to the bottom. Using data from the nearby rig *Sedco 706*, he built a physical model of the waves that passed over the rigs.

First Neu compared wave and meteorological data and discovered that the centre of the wave field did not coincide with the storm centre, but veered off to seaward. In other words, even accurate tracking of the storm could not show where the highest waves occurred.

Analyzing the wave data, Neu learned that the huge waves that washed over the rigs were produced by the combined effects of two wave fields. The first waves, 10 seconds apart and about 40 feet high,

kept pace with the storm, while longer waves, 16 to 19 seconds apart and 35 feet high, lagged behind. When the storm stalled off Newfoundland the larger waves caught up with the smaller ones and combined to form the towering walls of water that were observed flooding over the helicopter deck of the Sedco rig, 70 feet above sea level. "And it was green water!" exclaims Neu in awe. "Not white water, green water."

In Europe during the Ocean Ranger hearings, Neu was not able to accompany his model, which appeared alone at the inquiry. "A model without an explanation doesn't mean much, and I was never called on later to explain it." Neu recalls

called on later to explain it," Neu recalls.

In the early 1970s oil rigs designed for only 70-foot wave heights were brought to Eastern Canada from the North Sea. In 1972 Neu warned that such designs "would probably fail on the Grand Banks and off the Labrador coast." Now the rigs are designed to withstand 130-foot waves, which contain four times the energy. "They were underdesigned by a factor of four," Neu says.

Marine engineers, for their part, are continually learning about the hazards of ocean waves. The next step in the East Coast offshore oil development scheme is the construction of production platforms. Are the designers prepared?

"Offshore production structures came into being off Venezuela in 1925, relates Ray Mills, an engineer with Whitman Benn, a Halifax consulting firm that is part of a consortium under contract to Mobil to design a platform for the Venture field. "They came to the North Sea in the mid '60s and should come to our coast in the late '80s. The industry has come a long way in a short time, and we're still gaining experience. But there will always be risks. Offshore structures are subject to more severe environmental loads than buildings on land, and these loadings are particularly effective in finding and acting on a weak point in any structure?

While the various agencies investigating the Ocean Ranger disaster concur that the sinking was caused by the accidental opening of ballast control valves and emphasize the need for better offshore safety training and procedures, it remains a fact that the Ocean Ranger's ballast control room (containing electric control panels) was flooded with seawater — water from a wave that punched through a porthole. As Hans Neu sees it, offshore safety in the future will depend not only on better design and emergency procedures, but on increased research into the most basic of marine subjects — ocean waves.

33

RALPH SURETTE'S COLUMN

Incest, destitution and the victims at the end of the road



once knew a man who was very poor, although he worked hard. He had a horse and did some logging. But this was the mid to late 1950s and making a living with a horse had already become a thing of the past. He lived in a shack on someone else's land off a back road with his wife and several children. He came from rough origins — from a fairly inbred group in the back woods given to violence, at least among themselves. He had problems with his nerves and was prone to depression.

Despite it all he struggled to provide. Things held by a tenuous thread for him until the tragedy. He was charged with sexually assaulting his two teenaged daughters and convicted. He spent two years in Dorchester penitentiary. On release he got into a card game in Moncton with some of his ex-inmate acquaintances, accused someone of cheating and

was shot dead.

This and a bunch of other tragedies jumped to my mind recently in light of the incest case in Kings County, N.S., which led to jail terms and national headlines for some 10 people.

The picture that emerged from the trials was of a group of inbred, illiterate hill people living in squalid shacks and performing a variety of sordid sexual acts on each other and their children without any intimation of moral or legal wrong.

One would wish that this is an extreme case, an abberation. But in fact the conditions that give rise to such situations are quite common in the Maritimes. Most counties in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick probably have one or more pools of what I would call end-of-theroad populations with characteristics that roughly match those of the Kings County group.

Although societies everywhere have their dispossessed, these end-of-theroaders exist in a manner somewhat peculiar to the Maritimes — their condition linked to social and economic forces that left them inward, poor, isolated, unable to relate to the world and cut off by stiffening class lines from the centre of the village or town just down the road where they increasingly became objects of rejection and derision.

How did these groups evolve? One social activist said that cycles of poverty have gone on for 200 to 300 years in some families. This is reaching a bit too far. A sociologist from Acadia University said these pools of poverty are traceable to the 19th century. The root of most such situations can probably indeed be found in the

last half of the 19th century, but in my estimation these people are above all victims of the 20th century. The real breaking point for them, as for my man with the horse, came in the 1950s and '60s.

Two things happened then. The depopulation of rural areas that had started in the early century resumed with a vengeance after the interruption of the Depression and the Second World War. At the end of the road, as in the population as a whole, it was usually the self-starters who left. But at the end of the road the consequences were much worse. Small

Although societies
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manner peculiar to the
Maritimes

groups were left behind with fewer people to relate to — sexually or otherwise. What was left behind was a "passive" population. Incest was described by psychologists at the Kentville trials as a characteristic crime of passivity.

Until that time, despite the grinding poverty of the Depression, there was still, at least in many cases, the thin line that separates poverty with dignity from a hopeless destitution. There was still some small pride to be had from keeping body and soul together with a horse, some marginal farming and woodcutting, hunting and perhaps even some small illegalities like bootlegging.

Such activities were shorn of dignity finally and totally starting in the 1950s. What the world was all about from then on was mechanization, urbanization and bureaucracy. The awesome medium of television reflected back to the end-of-theroaders what the burghers down the road had been telling them for years — that they were odd, out of it and worthless.

Incest, child abuse, family violence and whatever else among these groups rose at that time, in my view, in response to an increasing inability to cope with the world, to a collapse of the world they had known. In the relatively small group to which my man with the horse belonged, for example, there were about a dozen male suicides during the 1960s, plus a number of other peculiar deaths.

Here, for instance, is the story of Joe X. I know him only by reputation — he

died of age sometime in the 1950s. The old timers tell me that "Joe X wasn't a bad guy, himself." In fact Joe X was a legendary woodsman along his strip—a residually romantic figure, even, in the Canadian tradition of forest-conquerors. He may have been poor but he was in command of the elements of his world.

He had a large family. Many of his children and grandchildren took off for Ontario or elsewhere. Some stayed and had large families in turn. Now Joe X's local descendants make a living jacking deer, bootlegging, doing drugs, getting the odd bit of UIC and relating primarily to each other — although not, perhaps, to the extent of the Kings County group.

Another characteristic of the end-ofthe-roaders is that they are an inland phenomenon. Despite the grinding poverty that has existed along the coast there has been no similar pattern that I know of. Often, in fact, it was the reverse: poverty would deepen a rigorous moralism. End-of-the-road groups, marked by a collective moral degeneracy, don't seem to exist in Newfoundland, for example, and not much in Prince Edward Island. It would seem as though the sea offers more to the spirit than forest roads and marginal farmland. But it's not really that. Rather, it's that coastal communities tended — and still tend — to be more uniformly poor. There might have been a few better-off people, but not a majority at the centre of the village looking down their noses, ostracizing the poor ones from the wider society. I would even hazard to say that the better off the neighbors, the worse off the end-of-theroaders are apt to be. It was noted in the Kings County case that the surrounding area is indeed one of relative plenty.

It makes one wonder where the responsibility lay. Surely, as the judge in the Kings County trials noted, these people knew that sexual abuse of children in particular is wrong, despite their lawyer's protestations to the contrary. But is the responsibility for what amounts to a group social and psychological disease so entirely theirs that they deserved prison terms ranging up to five years? Were they not, rather, victims again: this time of the good people's increasing tendency to resort to prison to solve all manner of problems?

Social workers and others were incensed at the prison terms, saying counselling or other forms of treatment were clearly called for. I agree. I would say that prison will do them no more good than it did for my man with the horse.

STRICTLY BUSINESS

Potash ripples through N.B. economy

Potash, which looks like "strawberry ripple" in the ground, is becoming a major factor in the New Brunswick economy, despite a few recent setbacks. The quiet dairy country around Sussex will never be the same

by Jennifer Henderson
n the heart of New Brunswick dairy
country near Sussex, continuous mining machines grind hundreds of feet
below ground to extract minerals left by
ancient seas. The valuable red potash deposits, like strawberry ripple among the
salt, were uncovered by a team of New
Brunswick geologists in 1970. Today, the
production shaft of the banana-colored
Potash Company of America (PCA) mine
at Penobsquis, east of Sussex, is the second tallest building in the province.

The shaft, easily visible from the Trans-Canada highway, is a towering symbol for the fledgling potash industry in New Brunswick. Expectations are high that by 1986, the promise of potash will result in two million tonnes of product a year — replacing silver as the province's second largest mineral commodity. Potash is used to make fertilizer.

The Potash Company of America was the first to begin potash production in the summer of 1983. With an annual capacity estimated at 640,000 tonnes, the PCA mine is considerably smaller than the brand-new development of a future competitor at Clover Hill. When Denison-Potacan Ltd. opens its mine this summer, it's expected to yield 1.3-million tonnes of potash for the next 30 years. Between them, the Potash Company of America and Denison-Potacan have spent \$500 million to \$600 million developing two mines in the Sussex area.

Potash is considered to be a bright light in the province's economy. But in January the first shadow was cast over it when PCA's parent company, Ideal Basic Industries of Colorado, announced it intended to sell all its potash operations — in New Brunswick, Saskatchewan and New Mexico.

The announcement sent shock waves through Sussex, although both provincial government and local PCA officials remained unperturbed. Ideal is selling off its potash holdings to cover losses in other parts of its operations. Peter Atkinson, general manager of the PCA mine, emphasized that all the potash mines being sold are making money — except Sussex, which is just starting up, but even that's "close to breaking even." Don Barnett, mineral development manager for the province's natural resources department, calls it merely a "change of corporate ownership." New Brunswick's transportation advantages, in his view, ensured there would be a buyer.

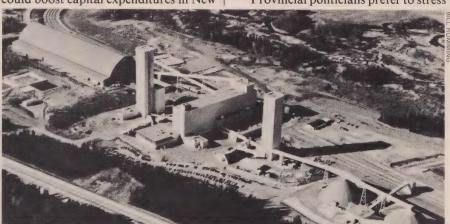
PCA provides 270 full-time jobs and a payroll in King's County of more than \$6 million annually. Denison, with between 300 and 350 jobs, will be much bigger. Hidden in the hills nine kilometres from the highway, Denison's Clover Hill mine has provided 700 to 800 construction jobs for the last year — arguably the closest thing to a megaproject the region has ever seen.

A third company, BP Canada, has completed drilling a pilot hole in the Millstream area north of Sussex. A decision to sink an exploration shaft there could boost capital expenditures in New is spent in New Brunswick. But the true ripple effect of the potash industry extends much farther, to Nova Scotia firms like Atlantic Electric and Harris & Roome and to others in Quebec and Saskatchewan.

Even though the town of Sussex seems unlikely to experience the boomtown prosperity once predicted, new homes have sprung up in neighboring Roachville and Knightsville and satellite dishes dot the horizon. Ninety per cent of the PCA workforce lives in the local area with earnings averaging \$30,000 a year.

The Sussex Machine Shop has expanded enough to need a second shift and Permanent Concrete's business is good. Truckers who transport salt (a byproduct of potash mining) used on New Brunswick highways can count on steady business through the winter.

Provincial politicians prefer to stress



The PCA mine: high hopes despite production problems and a for sale sign

Brunswick potash to the billion-dollar range.

Besides the men and steel required for the headframes and mineshafts, potash demands an infrastructure of its own. A \$40-million potash terminal and shiploading facility at the port of Saint John exports potash overseas and to the U.S. east coast. Denison is currently building a second storage shed at the port and has an agreement with CN to construct a spur rail line to the mine site. A 35-kilometre pipeline to carry the mine's excess brine to the Bay of Fundy for discharge is complete.

Until recently, the provincial government gloated often and openly about its good prospects. Not only could it expect \$12-million a year in sales tax, property tax, and business tax from each mine, but companies like PCA consumed a million dollars a month in goods and services.

Atkinson estimates 30 to 40 per cent of the monthly tab for supplies such as pipes, electrical components and cables

spinoffs from the new industry rather than royalties. The government has come under fire from the New Democratic Party, which claims New Brunswick signed away its birthright when it struck a 61/4 per cent royalty deal with the potash companies back in 1973. Saskatchewan's NDP government later negotiated a royalty with the multinational potash firms that was three to four times a tonne higher.

Dick Potter, assistant deputy minister of natural resources responsible for mineral resources, says that in 1973 New Brunswick signed "the best potash royalty agreement in the world" and could not have foreseen the future.

Potter was part of the team of geologists that made the initial discovery of potash beside the Plumsweep bridge in 1970. The test hole cost New Brunswick \$185,000: the resulting information, showing four potash beds, was auctioned off for \$200,000 to PCA.

"It was the worst time we could have

found it," Potter recalls. "At that time, Saskatchewan was having trouble selling its product because there was a glut and prices were falling. The attitude was 'who wants potash? The world's full of it!"

The economics of potash have since improved. A key indicator of recessions, potash has been fetching a respectable \$110 a tonne as farmers try to increase crop yield and feed the world's growing population.

New Brunswick has a good grade of potash but its main advantage is that it is close to markets by rail or sea. Compared to Saskatchewan's flat potash deposits, which Dick Potter describes as "layer cake," New Brunswick potash is more like "marble cake" — and is more difficult to mine.

Modern potash mining and milling depends on automated heavy equipment, electronics, and computer-controlled monitoring. Aside from the beige dust which is everywhere and the faint taste of salt in the air, the job is not unlike working in a machine shop above ground.

At the PCA potash mine near Sussex, systems for mining the ore and disposing of the "tailings" or wastes underground are closely integrated. The mine is the first of its kind to attempt to recycle all its own wastes.

"If it works," says geologist Brian Roulston, "we'll have a Cadillac. If it doesn't, it will be the first and last mine of this kind."

After one-and-a-half years in production, the mine is struggling to meet expectations. Atkinson felt the kinks, which had plagued production and kept the mine operating at about 50 per cent of capacity, had finally been resolved when the "for sale" announcement was made.

By that time, the specially-designed, Austrian-built mining machines (the workhorses of modern mining) had been overhauled and modified to meet New Brunswick mining conditions. The potash and salt crystals had turned out to be more difficult to separate than expected.

"You don't really know what you're going to find until you get there," says Atkinson philosophically. "Mining is still a risky business." Despite intensive, inhouse safety courses and large warning signs, New Brunswick's newest mining industry has not been free from tragedy. Two employees have been killed in separate accidents since last summer and there was a near-tragedy two years ago when a runaway cage at PCA trapped several men underground for 24 hours.

Journeymen mechanics, electricians, and heavy equipment operators from New Brunswick have been working at the PCA mine maintaining and operating the high-tech mining machines that have made "miners" obsolete. Denison-Potacan also has plans to hire locally.

That's good news for the thousands of people already standing in line to apply for a job at Denison. For if New Brunswick's first experience with PCA and potash mining has made anything crystal-clear, it's that potash is big business outside the province as well as in.

STRICTLY BUSINESS

Hartt: the last shoe company

Fredericton's Hartt Shoes Ltd. has been around for nearly a century the last of an industry that once thrived in the Maritimes. But like other Canadian shoe firms, it fears cheap imports from the offshore

by Michael Prini
remier Richard Hatfield, having
trouble with his ankles, was once
told by his doctor to buy a pair of
lace-up boots here. New Brunswick Lieutenant-Governor George Stanley buys his
brogues at the factory outlet. So do many
well-heeled — so to speak — businessmen
and bureaucrats.

The place is the venerable, old, redbrick structure which houses Hartt Shoes Ltd. in south-central Fredericton. The company is the only survivor of what was once a thriving industry in the Maritimes — especially in New Brunswick — until early in this century. Now there's only one other footwear manufacturer in the entire Atlantic region — Terra Footwear in St. John's, a recent venture which makes safety boots and shoes.

Incorporated in 1898, Hartt has been operating continuously ever since. The list of its founding fathers reads like a *Who's Who* of Fredericton's past. The company, however, is no longer owned locally. The price of its survival was that it become

part of a multinational corporation.

In 1957, the Dack Corporation of Toronto acquired Hartt. Seven years later, Church and Co. of England purchased control of both corporations and created Church's English Shoes Limited, the holding company which exists to this day. In 1983, sales at the Hartt-Dack end of the corporation topped \$12 million, and they are expected to continue increasing despite the tight economy.

One-hundred-sixty-five people now work at the Hartt factory, making all the Hartt and Dack shoes for sale across Canada. There are 27 Dack stores from coast to coast. Hartt shoes are sold through contracts with large and small retail chains. The products manufactured at the plant range from men's slippers to dress shoes. Service oxfords and boots are made for various federal, provincial and local governments. The high strathcona boot and the spur-box congress boot are made on tender from the RCMP. Prices range from \$150 for an average pair of calfskin lace-ups to a wallet-thumping

\$600 for a pair of alligator slip-ons.

The Hartt factory produces 2,600 pairs of shoes per week. It's not a large amount by industry standards, but then rarely are standards as high as those at Hartt. Jobs in the factory call for anything from relatively unskilled to highly skilled hands. Handstitching and buffing the leather soles are both high on the skills list. Too much here, too little there can add up to warps in the sole which would ultimately call for a rejection slip. The slightest scuff mark sends a \$200 pair of oxfords into the factory outlet to be sold at a reduced price. This is boot camp.

The array of skins used in the 300 steps of manufacture would make Noah call for a larger ark. If you



Hartt: low volume, high quality and fears about cheap imports



A scuff can ruin the shoes

walk through the plant, it isn't unusual to see the hide of a kangaroo draped over a work-bench ready to be cut into a pattern. There's camel skin and antelope. It takes five lizard skins to make a pair of loafers. Most of the animals whose skins are donated to the cause of fashion are raised on farms in their native lands. Government regulations and a lot of paper-signing get them into the country.

The building — the company's original home - has high ceilings, large windows and wooden beam floors. Coffee pots percolate among needles and thread. There's a radio at virtually every work station. The odd scratch of graffiti graces doors and walls. It all adds up to a homey atmosphere for the three-storey factory. Despite renovations and insulation, the old building rumbles a lot from the machinery. "You learn to live with it," says Donald Hoffman, vice president of manufacturing. "Sometimes it gets quite noisy, but this is a quiet morning." Hoffman came to Hartt Shoes nine years ago, after a stint with Nettleton Shoes in Syracuse, New York, Nettleton makes essentially the same type of shoes as Hartt and Dack, only for a larger market.

One of the major concerns facing the shoe industry is the eventual lifting of import quotas. This would let in shoes from other countries where costs of production are far less. Doing away with trade restrictions would present a threat to the industry at home, forcing companies to find new ways to compete. "The shoe manufacturers' association is lobbying again for an extension of quotas for five years," says Hoffman. "They've been lobbying for a number of years, and all we've been getting is a one-year or two-year extension." Hoffman explains that in order for any of the Canadian shoe manufacturers to invest in major renovations and modernizing, five years would be required to amortize equipment and other expenses. The concerns have been amplified by the election of a new federal government with yet-undefined attitudes towards quotas. Companies have been reluctant to invest because protection has not been allowed for that period of time. Says Hoffman: "The current quota runs out at the end of 1985, and we're not sure how the Mulroney government feels about import restrictions."

Ottawa has instructed the federal antidumping tribunal to investigate the shoe industry, and to make recommendations to the government. Hoffman hopes the government will be sympathetic to the industry's fears and concerns. "Shoe manufacturing is basically an emergingnation technology," he says. "It's labor intensive. It's good for a country that's trying to generate jobs and bad for a country like Canada. With social programs, our overhead and wage rates are much higher." The machinery to manufacture shoes is available world-wide, with the only difference in production cost being labor.

Part of the plant tour consists of a foray into the company's sample room. Shelves line the walls, filled with different styles of footwear the factory produces. The room itself bespeaks the image of the rich banker: panelled walls, oak tables. It gives off a whiff of the past — the past, from which Hartt shoes is the sole survivor among the shoemakers of the last century.



OLKS

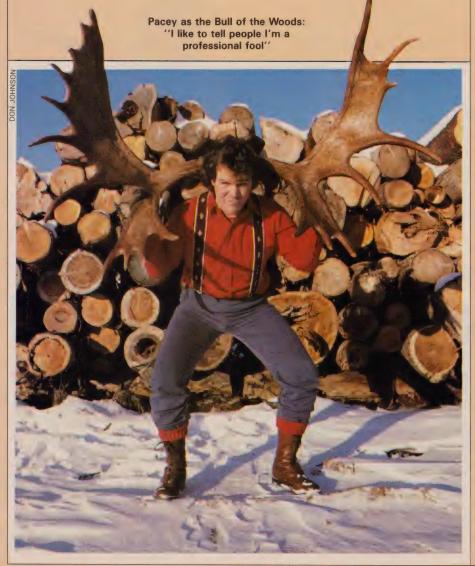
le's performed on street corners, out of cars, on buses, in parks, restaurants and church halls. He's a chameleon performer who changes roles as often as locations. Peter Pacey, 36, director of the Fredericton theatre group Calithumpians, puts it bluntly: "I like to tell people I'm a professional fool. It always gets

the conversation started." For most of the year, Calithumpians is a one-man theatre that Pacey carts around in his car, but in the summer he hires up to five students. "I've worked in strange and wonderful venues. I can work anywhere from a basket of props. I can be a dandy in a frock coat or a lumber jack in big boots and a red shirt ... and I can do it at the drop of a hat." His repertoire of innovative revues focuses on New Brunswick's culture to provide a sense of heritage. It gives older people, the traditional storytellers, a sense of worth. Pacey didn't launch his acting career until he was 30, when an advertisement for National Arts Centre auditions lured him away from six years of teaching high school. In 1982 he started his one-man shows, including "Bull of the Woods" in which the 6'1" actor is transformed into a brawny woodsman through songs and folklore. The show was intended for exclusive performances at King's Landing, a living historical museum outside Fredericton. But he has performed it in every neck of the woods, at local conventions and receptions, the Common in Boston, Mass., and the University of Toronto. Calithumpians,

named after a 19th century Fredericton club that acted in the streets, will next play out a contemporary, satirical look at Canadian life. Pacey's title for the show? "Canada Goosed."

hen Jeff Burleigh of Tyne Valley, P.E.I., agreed to wrestle a 400-pound brown bear in a local sports arena he got more than he bargained for. He not only lost the match, he lost part of his hand. "The bear hit me in the stomach and knocked the wind out of me," explains the 21-year-old. "I told the referee that was enough." He didn't realize - briefly — that the bear bit off the middle finger of his right hand. Neither did his friend, John Moore, who fought the bear next. "I hit him a couple of times and the bear ran out of the ring, like he didn't want to fight any more," recalls Moore. "But the trainer pulled him back and told me to go for his head." Within moments the bear, called Gentle Ben, had snapped off another finger. Even his owner, Dave McKigney, professionally known as the Canadian Wild Man, concedes the bear can be very rough. Gentle Ben recently broke the Wild Man's nose, fractured his hand and mauled his face so much the scars are permanent. It's not the first trouble he's had with bears: in 1978 his 30-year-old girlfriend, Lynn Orser, was mauled to death in McKigney's house by Smokey, Gentle Ben's predecessor. Smokey was put to death. Burleigh and Moore say the audience was told before the match that an ambulance was waiting just outside the arena. But as Moore, clutching his disfigured hand, ran for the parking lot, he couldn't find one anywhere. He says he rushed back inside to ask the referee for help but his plea was denied. The young men's parents are furious and have initiated legal action. But even if a court rules in their favor they may have a hard time collecting any damages - Wild Man McKigney and his wild bear have left the province for their home in Aurora, Ont.

ow does somebody who has led a completely sedentary life up to the age of 29 and who, by her own admission, loves to cook and eat win a triathlon? Ask Anne Moore, a 34-year-old biologist with the Department of Fisheries and Oceans in Halifax. Last summer Moore won the women's divisions of the Sri Chinmoy and Aerobics First Triathlons held in the city. "I initially started running about three or four years ago," says Moore. "Then I had an injury so I taught myself how to swim and a friend taught me how to ride a 10speed bicycle." Moore makes it all sound deceptively easy but, as participants know, the triathlon is one of the most gruelling of all athletic events. One of the two triathlons which Moore won was made up of a two-kilometre swim, a 40-kilometre cycle and a brisk 15-kilometre run, which are "moderate distances," according to Moore. "It's a lot more fun than running a marathon. You





Moore: "My mother thinks I'm crazy"

don't feel so dragged out because the activities change.' Moore trains year round by swimming and running. She runs six days a week and averages about 60 miles. "My mother thinks I'm crazy," she confesses. Meanwhile, she is looking forward to this summer's triathlon events. "There are rumors that there will be a half 'Iron Man,' " she enthuses, referring to the famous triathlon in Hawaii. It may not be everyone's idea of fun but Moore is adamant, "I just love it, I feel great."

hen former Tory Solicitor General William J. ("Billy") Browne showed his autobiographical 84 Years a Newfoundlander to a St. John's publisher four years ago, he was advised it would never sell — "too much religion in it." Undaunted, Browne, a staunch Saint John's Catholic — had a local printer run off the 460-page tome, written with the aid of a \$3,000 Canada Council grant. But the book covered to only 1925 and some readers who know Browne as an arch enemy of former Newfoundland premier Joey Smallwood wanted to hear his version of the Confederation battle. They had to wait for his recent publication of a 500-page \$19.95 sequel entitled — why tamper with a good thing? — 87 years a Newfoundlander, which covers to 1965 when Smallwood's hold on Newfoundland remained absolute. After Union in 1949, Smallwood manoeuvred — Browne alleges — to oust him from the judgeship he held for 15 years. "After that," recalls Browne, "I had no special reason to have a high regard for his morals...had it not been for that, I probably would never have gone into politics." Browne served nine years as a Conservative M.P. — five of them in John Diefenbaker's cabinet and six as a provincial MHA before quitting politics at age 68. Now writing volume three of his opus, Browne is the only living Newfoundlander to have served in three legislative houses and the sole surviving member (1924-28) of the old Dominion parliament, suspended in 1933. Despite being his own publisher,

Browne is still in the red on the project. "It is just a labor of love," he says. "I am writing to set the record straight."

hausibles, maniples and stoles - the ceremonial vestments worn by the clergy in Anglican, Roman Catholic, United and Presbyterian churches are not the kind of garments that craftspeople usually make. But they are the mainstay of business for Sandra Thorne, a weaver

in Rawdon, N.S. Thorne, who started her weaving career while attending Holland College in Charlottetown, got into this select market when her husband was considering ordination. "He was going to the Atlantic School of Theology and he asked me to weave him some stoles because he would need them when he was ordained. I soon realized that I couldn't do ecclesiastical weaving until I learned something about church symbolism." Ecclesiastical vestments are based on the four church seasons and the symbolic associations of purple, red, green and white. "Once I knew what I ought to be doing with my colors and designs, I started weaving stoles." Ironically, she's found few of her clients mostly clergymen — know much about church symbolism so part of her job is "educating my clients to really see what fine vestments ought to look like." After the Atlantic School of Theology asked her to display some vestments she started receiving orders. She now has a permanent display in Halifax's Diocesan Centre. "Some people call me the Diocesan Weaver," she laughes. She has just completed a set of purple vestments for the University of Kings College in Halifax. Whatever her next project may be in this spiritual realm, there is no doubt that her heart and soul will be in it completely.

hen Candace Gallant, Good Samaritan to P.E.I.'s critters, arrived home one frosty night with a wheezing, squeaking, spotted pig, her Wilmot neighbors weren't surprised. Gallant, a humane society worker, has a soft spot for all animals — especially outcasts. When this pig, one of the Island's 180,000, landed at Gallant's, several lizards, turtles, a crow, homeless cats and a couple of dogs shared the fine hospitality of her mobile home. Miss Piggy Petunia, as the pig is known, was a thin 10-pound stray when Gallant found her wandering along a nearby highway. "When I brought her home I expected some farmer would soon claim her but weeks went by and nobody did. I guess she is the runt

of some litter who escaped from a barn or en route to market." She gave Miss Piggy a delicious, nutritional diet and treated her for pneumonia. In a few weeks, Petunia blossomed to true piggy proportions, gaining more than 30 pounds. A runt no more, Miss Piggy started developing her porky personality in several undomesticated ways. At this point, Gallant was not sleeping because Miss Piggy was grunting out a noisy, nocturnal, oink serenade. In vain, Island radio stations and newspapers searched for Petunia's true owners. Finally a part-time farmer from Bedeque offered to give the nowrenowned Miss Piggy a barn befitting a celebrity pig. Recalling their sweet and sour relationship, Gallant says: "Miss Piggy became part of my family during her stay. I came to love her as I do all my animals?'



Gallant and Miss Piggy Petunia: a celebrity pig

FOOD



Irish stew and soda bread

Kitty Sullivan loves to cook and she loves to meet people. At her home in Calvert, Nfld., Kitty dishes up the best in food and hospitality for her much-loved guests

learned to cook in the old-fashioned way, from my mother,' says Kitty Sullivan in her soft lilting voice. "It's really Irish cooking, modified by what's available in Newfoundland. I often use recipes but I don't depend on them."

Kitty Sullivan's unpretentious, white, two-storey house is on the north side of Calvert, a prosperous fishing community of 500 people on the southern shore of the Avalon Peninsula, about 50 miles from St. John's. A woodcarving of the map of Newfoundland with the single word "Sullivan's" across it is attached to the front of the house. A native of Bauline South, a tiny settlement about 25 miles away, Kitty Reddick moved to Calvert in 1950 when she married Larry Sullivan.

Larry's ancestors were among the six families from County Wexford in Ireland who originally settled Calvert, then called Caplin Bay, in 1805. Kitty's background is also mainly Irish.

"Larry and I had nearly 25 happy years together before cancer took him," she says, her blue eyes misting over. She's still called Kitty Larry to distinguish her from the two other Kitty Sullivans who live nearby. Her youngest son, Chris, a fisherman like his father and his two brothers, lives at home. The older boys live close by with their wives and children. Kitty's three daughters live near St. John's but come home often.

When Larry Sullivan died in 1975, three of the children were still in school. "I needed to earn some money," Kitty

says. "I've always enjoyed cooking and I love meeting people so I decided to open my home to tourists who wanted to try Newfoundland home-cooked food and perhaps would like a bed for a few nights."

Sitting around the big round table in the kitchen, near a window with a view of the bay, Kitty's guests might feast on delicacies such as hearty stew with dumplings followed by partridgeberry pie. Or they might enjoy baked fresh cod with vegetables and a cream sauce, or roast chicken accompanied by the traditional Irish boiled dinner of salt beef, cabbage, turnip, carrot and potatoes, a pease pudding and a fruity steamed pudding. Home-made soup and salads are served with all dinners and, besides the dessert of the day, home-made bread and jam and often home-baked cookies are also available. Overnight guests, many of whom come from mainland Canada and the United States and some from even farther away, are encouraged to have a cup of tea and a snack whenever they feel

"St. Patrick's Day was a wonderful occasion in years gone by, when Lent was kept more strictly than it is now," Kitty says over a cup of tea. "We could eat whatever we wanted that day, no matter what we'd given up for Lent. Mrs. Fanny Gatherall, who was an old lady in Bauline when I was a young girl, used to make eggnogs (without the rum, of course) as a special treat for the children?

Ninety-twoyear-old Mrs. Margaret Keough, a neighbor known to all as Mrs. Maggie, has dropped in for a visit. She's thrilled with Kitty's home-made molasses candy, another Paddy's Day treat of the past. "There weren't many shops around in the old days and the youngsters really loved

this." After sampling a piece she nods approvingly in Kitty's direction.

Entering Kitty Sullivan's home is like stepping into another world where time is not important, where good food is given the tender loving care it deserves and where the atmosphere is as warm and friendly as the heat that pours from the handsome Maid of Avalon wood-burning

"I love meeting people," Kitty says again as she stands at my elbow to pour me another cup of tea. I sip the hot brew from my favorite china mug, saying silently, "No more, I'm sure, than peo-

ple love meeting you."

Kitty Sullivan's Stew

Irish Stew is traditionally white, with the meat unbrowned and potatoes and onions the only vegetables. "I like a stew brown," says Kitty. The additional vegetables add more flavor.

A nice piece of lamb or beef, cut in pieces carrots, parsnips and turnips cut finely, potatoes in larger pieces

2 large onions

pepper and salt to taste

flour and water for thickening

Season meat and brown in pork fat. When meat is well-browned, add water to cover and simmer for about 2 hours. Add vegetables, cooking until tender to the fork. Add dumplings by the spoonful and simmer for 15 minutes without lifting the cover. Remove dumplings. Thicken liquid for a tasty brown gravy. Quantities of meat and vegetables vary according to the number of persons to be served.

Feathery Dumplings

1 cup flour



Sullivan: good food gets tender, loving care

2 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. salt

1 tbsp. butter or margarine (optional)

1/2 cup milk

Combine ingredients lightly. Drop by spoonfuls over hot stew. Dough should be just soft enough to drop from spoon. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes without lifting lid. Serve immediately. Makes 6 or 7 large dumplings.

St. Patrick's Day Fruit Salad

11/2 cups boiling water 1 pk. lime jelly powder 1 small pk. softened cream cheese 1/2 cup walnuts, finely chopped 1 medium apple, chopped 1 small tin crushed pineapple (or other fruit if desired) with juice

For garnish: lime jelly made according to package directions

Lettuce, apple and any other fruits or

vegetables desired

Dissolve jelly in boiling water. Pour into electric mixer bowl and add cream cheese. Beat at medium speed until cheese is dissolved. Add nuts, apple and canned fruit, pour into mold. Cover, chill in refrigerator until partly set. Stir and put back in fridge until completely set. Unmold on lettuce leaves. Garnish with plain lime jelly cut in cubes, sliced unpeeled apple and any other fruit or vegetable desired. Serves 8.

Paddy's Day Scones

11/2 cups sifted flour 3 tsp. baking powder 1/2 tsp. salt sugar 1/3 cup shortening or margarine 1 cup quick-cooking oats 2/3 cup milk

1 tsp. melted butter cinnamon to taste

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and 2 tbsp. sugar into large mixing bowl. Cut in shortening. Add oats and milk, stir until just blended. Form dough into a ball. Divide dough into 3 parts, press each part into a circle. Spread each circle with melted butter, sprinkle with 1 tsp. sugar and cinnamon. Cut in small rounds and place on cookie sheet. Bake at 450° F. for 12 to 15 minutes or until nicely browned.

Traditional Irish Soda Bread

(Courtesy of Ita O'Rafferty, now of St. John's but formerly of County Meath, Ireland.)

3 cups white flour

13/4 cups wheaten meal

(available at health food stores) 13/4 cups buttermilk

1 tsp. salt

1 tsp. soda

1/4 cup shortening (optional)

Mix dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Add milk. Shape into a large round. Place on cookie sheet. Score top of dough with a large cross. (This was probably done partly for religious reasons but, according to Mrs. O'Rafferty, it helped the bread to cook all the way through.) Bake at 375° F. for 50 to 60 minutes.

Company Partridgeberry Pie

Prepare and bake an 8- or 9-inch pastry shell according to your favorite recipe. When shell is cool, line it with boiled custard. Fill shell with partridgeberry jam. Top with whipped cream or commercial topping. (Partridgeberries are small red berries which are plentiful in the fall on the Newfoundland barrens. Similar in appearance to cranberries, they have their own distinctive tart flavor.)

Old-fashioned Molasses Candy

(Sometimes called Molasses Taffy or Bullseyes.)

1 cup molasses 1 pinch baking soda

Boil until mixture is brittle when tried in cold water. Turn out into a shallow pan and, when cool enough to handle, grease your fingers and pull the mixture until it is light-colored. The longer you pull, the lighter the color will be. Cut in small pieces, using scissors. (Some people add sugar, vinegar and butter to the mixture but this is the way I've always made it. — K.S.)

Children's Treat Eggnog

l large egg or 2 small eggs 8 oz. cup whole milk, the creamier the better

2 tsps. of white sugar (or to taste) 3/4 tsp. vanilla (or to taste)

a couple of shakes of nutmeg (to taste)

green food coloring

Beat eggs until lemon-colored. Gradually add whole milk and sugar, beating all the time. Add vanilla and nutmeg. Add a few drops of food coloring for a nice pale green shade. Pour into a tall glass and sprinkle nutmeg on top. If a larger quantity is desired, increase ingredients accordingly. Serve at once.

HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

"If you don't mind, I'll skip the fish lips"



Adventures of a trencherman in the Far East

've never understood the theory that "we are what we eat" but, if it's true, there's a fair bit of snake in the people of Hong Kong. When I was there recently, a friend from Toronto set out on her own to find a neighborhood that seethed with snake restaurants. She returned safe and sound, and declared, "Snake soup isn't bad. It's rather like chicken soup." Snake restaurants offer to skin your snake before your very eyes, but she had declined this service.

"Snakes are considered a good thing

to eat if you want good health.' a Hong Kong tourist booklet advises, "and wine mixed with snake venom is said to be just the thing for keeping out winter chills." I never did sort out exactly what "snake wine" was. One Chinese woman said you simply slit open a snake and squeeze juice from its bladder into your wine. Another referred to the creature's "bile." Someone else told me you drop the snake's entire liver into your wine, but an official publication of the Hong Kong Tourist Association referred to "wines deriving the essence of a snake or lizard floating within the bottle." In my stodgy, bluenose way, I stuck to beer and rum.

Chinese wine isn't really wine. It's booze, distilled from rice or grain. Mao Toi, for instance, is 70 per cent alcohol, and at a fabulous, 11-course, Cantonese meal in the fabulous Mandarin Hotel, I witnessed its effect on a middle-aged Canadian. He was just trying to be a good fellow. He wanted to show his gratitude to our Chinese hosts, and after our Sautéed Scallops and Sea Conch with Wood Fungus, he gulped a two-ounce shot of Mao Toi. For 25 minutes, he said nothing. Only his eyeballs moved. His Shark's Fin Soup sat untouched till the waiter removed it. His Fried Boneless Chicken, Steamed Sliced Garoupa, and Minced Pigeon with Lettuce quietly came and went. By the tenth course, Fresh Shrimp Dumplings in Soup, he could actually lift his spoon to his lips, but he looked as though he was trying to figure out how long he'd been away.

Flambé Drunken Shrimp was the first of nine exquisite courses at the Excelsior Hotel in Macao. Staff drop live shrimp and booze into a container, and carefully show the flipping, writhing, drunken and doomed shrimp to each diner. Then someone sets fire to the booze and, presto, you have Flambé Drunken Shrimp. Coming from a land where we don't even do lobsters the kindness of getting them drunk before we boil them, I was in no position to protest this cruelty. Nowhere in Hong Kong or Macao, however, was I tempted even to inquire about a popular local dish called "Drunken Chicken." Nor did I visit Hong Kong's Central

Nor did I visit Hong Kong's Central Market. The market, one guidebook ex-



plained, "may seem more of a zoo than a market. Everything from eels and crabs to quail and chickens can be found here, either alive or freshly killed. You may even see fish which have been cut in half lengthwise, but so that the heart is still beating and pumping blood." No thanks, if it's all the same to you. The book also advises, "The Chinese will cook just about anything that moves, and that includes frogs, armadillos, anteaters and cats." So it's been true about the cats all along.

Tops on the list of edibles that I did not go out of my way to find was a pair of bear paws. (Bear paws are getting scarce and they'd have set me back \$200.) Nor did I go in mad pursuit of soyed goose with pieces of fried goose blood, chicken blood soup, or braised fish lips.

I was with a group of Canadian travelwriters and at the hotel banquets, where our hosts could be sure we'd stumble on nothing more distressing than a drunken shrimp, I refused to read the line-up of courses till I'd finished eating. That way, I could relish my fungus and pigeonburger without knowing what they were. They were exquisite. During five days in Hong Kong and Macao — an enticingly decadent and sleepy corner of China with historical, administrative and culinary links to Portugal — I never met a meal I didn't like.

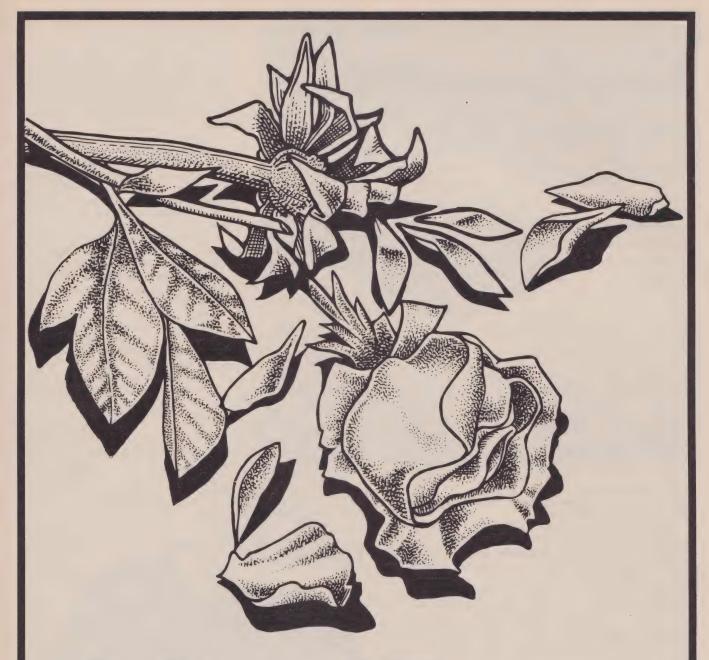
One morning, we hired a teak sampan which, under the command of a water-wise dragon-lady in pyjamas, chugged its way through a floating city. Hong Kong is home to nearly 30,000 commercial fishermen, and nowhere will you find more of them than here on the

brown-green waters of Aberdeen, where orange "pollutioncontrol boats" patrol the waterways with bow-mounted scoops to snatch up garbage. Some vessels on these strange avenues still chase fish at sea. Others have settled into a sedentary future as houses. Fish and laundry dry on upper decks in the hot breeze. Blossoms and herbs spring from stern-mounted flowerpots. Women cook lunch aft. Smoke and conversation waft from boat to boat. Children and chickens squabble and romp. This is a neighborhood, make no mistake.

The dragon-lady dumps us at Jumbo, "the largest and most luxurious floating

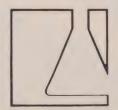
restaurant in the world." It consists of three massive decks, jammed with impossibly garish Chinese ornamentation. This is Hong Kong Kitch with a vengeance. Sensitive locals regard Jumbo as a pretentious tourist trap, but not me. It's marvellous, and so's the food. But reaching too far for parallels between the peoples of the South China Sea and Atlantic Canada, I ignore gentle warnings from our Hong Kong hostess and demand a portion of salt fish.

It arrives. It looks as though flies have been working it over for days. It is brown. It is as dry as old camel dung in the Sahara. Eating it is like eating salt by the spoonful, except that the fish also has a hint of putrefaction. "Yech!" says the snake-soup sipper from Toronto. "That's absolutely the worst thing I've ever tasted. Do you Maritimers actually eat that stuff?" I tell her that actually we prefer braised fish lips; and secretly resolve that, for the rest of the trip, I will eat only what our Chinese hosts tell me to eat.



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PROFILE

A magnificent disability

Heath Reeves overcame formidable odds to participate in the last Terry Fox run. But overcoming adversity has been a lifelong engagement for the 61-year-old Islander. "I look on my disability as a plus rather than a minus," he says

Somewhere the hurting must stop...and I was determined to take myself to the limit for this cause. — Terry Fox

by Wayne Young
ven as Heath Reeves lay paralyzed in
hospital last April — the victim of
a car crash — his mind raced months
ahead to the annual Terry Fox run.
Somehow he knew he had to recover in
time to take part in the run.

For most people this would have been an outlandish ambition. But the 61-yearold Kensington, Prince Edward Island, man had raised admiration before in his skirmishes with adversity.

skirmishes with adversity.

His struggles began early. He was born with a club foot and deformed hands. But in the years he spent helping his father operate the family farm he was able to master all the chores.

Having lost his grandparents to cancer and seeing a number of friends and acquaintances fall victim to the disease, he became inspired by Terry Fox and his legendary effort to run across the country on one leg. For three years Reeves completed the 10-kilometre local version of the annual Marathon of Hope to raise money for cancer research — the first time wearing a pair of rubber boots. "He thought that was better for him," says Kensington recreation director Pat Hudson. "Nobody ever expected him to go the whole way, but he finished it and raised over \$500 in donations."

Reeves' formidable courage was taxed during his four months in hospitals in Summerside, Moncton and Charlottetown. When he was involved in a two-car collision that chilly April morning he was thrown out of the car and landed heavily on his back and neck. The result was a spinal injury which, for the first few weeks in hospital, left him partly paralyzed and threatened his ability to ever walk again.

While recuperating he got word his father, Eustace, with whom he was very close, had died. And two weeks before his release from hospital his aunt and uncle were killed in a highway accident.

Once — only once — was he ready to quit his fight to run in the Marathon of Hope. It was just after being granted permission to visit his dying father.

"Then I received a little miracle," he

says. "A neighbor of mine came in to see me and she had a young girl with her. The girl had been in an accident seven years before and she had been all broken up in pieces, but now she was near normal again. When they left, I was back up with boxing gloves on ready to fight again. She could have come to see me any of the 82 other days I was in hospital but she chose that day, almost that hour and that minute, the only time during my entire stay in hospital when I was tempted to call it quits."

With the death of his father, Reeves, who never married, knew he was on his

own, and if he was to recover he would have to have some clear goals. He kept telling the nurses he would be well by September in time for the Terry Fox run. "It did give a fellow something to look forward to," he says.

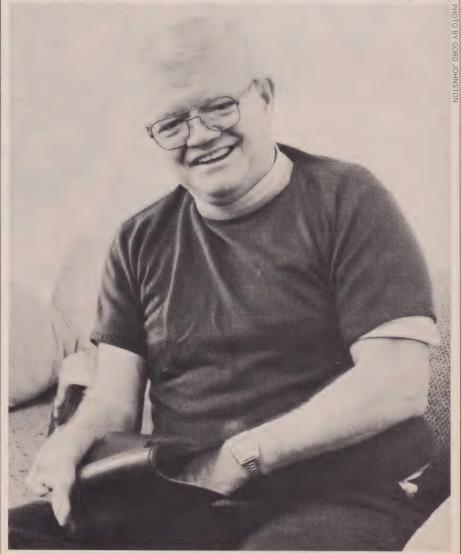
His recovery was remarkable. Before he left hospital in Moncton he was able to move one of his legs and as the weeks progressed his strength and feeling in his other limbs gradually returned until, on July 28, four months after the accident and six weeks before the run, he was released from hospital.

"I made it to the Kensington Harvest Festival parade this year (in August) but I had to sit on a float, not drive my bike as a clown as I usually do," he recalls. "And I drove my bike a week before

Thanksgiving."

Then came the big day: on September 16, Heath Reeves lined up with 39 other runners from the Kensington area to raise the funds they hoped would help find a cure for cancer.

"My thinking from the first was that if he (Fox) could do it on one leg, surely



Reeves: "I consider myself as one of the fortunate people of the world"

I could do it on one and a half," Reeves says. "The thought never entered my mind that I wouldn't be able to do it, I wouldn't let it."

In what he describes as "a feeble walk," the determined Islander completed one kilometre of the course before returning to the finish line, exhausted, but "feeling like I'd returned to life again." For his efforts, the provincial coordinator of the Terry Fox run cited him as a man with "courage to spare, an example of what people can do when they want to."

Later, he received a letter from Betty Fox, Terry's mother, commending him on the feat. "Your involvement means a great deal to a great many," she wrote. "Terry's dream to find a cure for cancer will become a reality through the commitment and involvement of Canadians such as yourself who turn their disabilities into real assets to help others, and succeed."

Despite an operation to correct his club foot when he was barely 10 years old, Reeves still walks with a limp. He has also had the skin removed from two of the three fingers on his left hand allowing him to move them independently. On his other hand, he has only a thumb and two fingers which are fused together.

Heath Reeves has never let his handicap get the better of him. He has made 58 donations of blood to the Red Cross, and has taken part in fund-raising campaigns for the Cancer Society, Heart Foundation and other community canvasses. He attributes his ability to cope and prosper despite his handicap and other adversities to his "crazy philosophy of life."

"Whatever I'm into, I take it very seriously, I like to put the best that I have toward it. I look at my disability as a plus rather than a minus, and I consider myself as one of the fortunate people of the world. To others with disabilities, I would say try and forget them and live a normal life. I think I've gained enough experience and friends in life to compensate for what I've gone through. I just hope I can help somebody, maybe in worse shape and maybe not as bad as myself."

Having sold the family homestead in Norboro after his father died, Reeves has settled into a senior citizens unit in Kensington. He has started driving his car again, and he's now planning an ambitious bicycle program for the coming months. By next summer, he hopes to be cycling 10 miles a day, a clip he had reached before his accident, and one day before the summer ends, he'll try to cycle to Charlottetown, a distance of approximately 50 kilometres.

And as for the Terry Fox run, well, that thought hasn't left his mind either and for 1985, he already has plans.

"Next year, I'll run it all," he says confidently. And coming from Heath Reeves, you just know he probably will.







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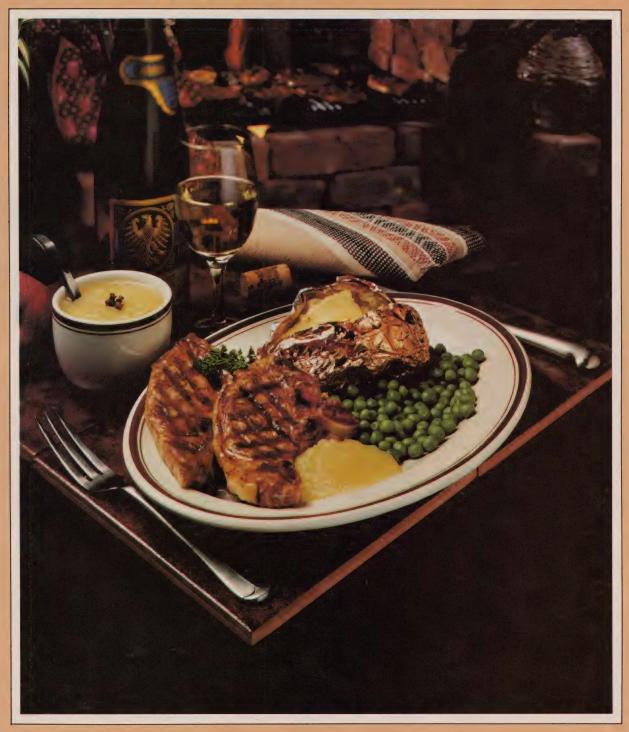
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PORK

Today's fresh Maritime pork has come a long way from the pork first introduced into Canada by the settlers at Port Royal.

Tender, flavorful, nourishing, and now



A SUPPLEMENT TO ATLANTIC INSIGHT, MARCH 1985



What, you haven't

discovered the

difference with fresh

Maritime pork?

When pork was first served in Canada, about 280 years ago, it wasn't the kind of pork you can enjoy today.

Even your grandmother would see that the fresh Maritime pork you serve your family is different from the pork that she served hers.

Today's fresh Maritime pork is lean. Lean pork is what consumers asked for. Lean pork is what you can buy today. And none better than fresh pork raised right here.

While pork has lost much of its fat, it hasn't lost its famed tenderness, flavor versatility, and value. (Not to mention the nutritional qualities.)

Good for you

Pork not only tastes good, but it can make an impressive contribution to your daily nutritional requirements. It is recognized as a good source of high-quality protein, with all the essential amino acids necessary to build, maintain, and repair body tissues and to increase your body's resistance to infection and disease.

Pork is an excellent source of Vitamin A, and of the B vitamins riboflavin, thiamine, and niacin.

Pork is also a good source of iron and phosphorous. In fact, pork liver supplies almost three times as much iron in available form as any other food source.

Pork does supply some fat, essential to every diet. Fat is a concentrated source of energy, and a carrier of vitamins A,D,E, and K. One serving of pork can provide half of the recommended daily intake of linoleic acid, an essential fatty acid that cannot be manufactured by the body.

No doubt about it, pork is good for you. But, being human, we must have other reasons for making pork a regular item on the menu.

Young and tender

Pork comes from young animals, about five to six months old, so it's naturally tender. So you don't have to hang it or age pork to improve tenderness.

Quality pork is firm and fine-grained, and showing a slight marbling. Bones are porous and slightly pink, the outer fat covering is firm and white. Fresh pork ranges in color from a light greyish pink, to dark pink in shoulder and leg cuts.

Cutting food costs

Generally speaking, pork is one of your more economical meat buys. You can buy it in a wide variety of cuts — chops, hocks, all kinds of roasts, necks, tails, hearts, and liver.

It is even more economical to buy a large piece and divide it into meal-size portions, freezing the portions you are not going to use immediately. (Remember, fresh pork like all meats is very perishable and should be stored in the coldest part of the refrigerator as soon as possible after purchase.)

Here's one idea that gives you three different meals from one cut of fresh pork.

A pork shoulder butt has one bone which extends only part way through the piece. When you divide the butt into two pieces, using a sharp knife, the piece with the bone is your smaller one-meal roast. The remaining piece is solid meat, from which you can cut boneless chops about 1 to 2cm (1/2 - 1 inch) thick. The smaller end of the boneless piece can be cubed and used in all kinds of meat-stretching dishes, stews and casseroles.



Know your butcher

It is always a good idea to find a good butcher and make him/her a friend.

A good butcher will not only give you the quality you are looking for, but the butcher will help you become more knowledgeable about the various cuts. While this is obviously to your advantage, it also helps make the butcher's life a little easier.

There are about 30 retail cuts of pork available and you could be missing out on some delectable dishes if you restrict your pork buying to the ever-popular chops and roasts.

Try the recipes in this little supplement, you are sure to find some new family favorites.

We wish to thank the Canadian Pork Council and the Maritime Pork Producers for their help in the preparation of this recipe supplement.

Appetizers

Bitterballen

Adapted from a traditional Dutch recipe, this version of Bitterballen combines the browned taste and crumbly texture of ground pork with the pungent flavor and creaminess of cheese.

0.75 kg ground pork $l^{1/2}lb$

25 mL butter 2 tbsp

15 mL finely chopped onion *1 tbsp* 50 mL all-purpose flour ¹/₄ c 250 mL pork or chicken stock *1* c

5 mL salt 1 tsp

1 mL dry mustard 1/4 tsp

5 mL Worcestershire sauce 1 tsp 250 mL shredded Gouda or mild ched-

dar cheese 1 c

250 mL fine dry bread crumbs 1 c 2 eggs

25 mL water 2 tbsp

Oil or lard for deep frying

Hot Dutch mustard

Brown pork lightly in frypan. Melt butter in saucepan, sauté onion 2 to 3 min until it becomes transparent. Blend in flour until smooth. Gradually add stock. Heat, stirring continuously, until thickened. Add salt, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, pork, and shredded cheese. Simmer 5 min. Cool mixture for 3 to 4 h (place in shallow pan in refrigerator). Shape 5 mL (teaspoons) of chilled mixture into bite-size balls. Roll these balls in crumbs, dip each in eggs with water; then in crumbs again (for freezing use coats of crumbs). Place on shallow pan to dry and refrigerate 1 h. Heat deep fat to 190°C (375°F). Fry balls a few at a time about 4 min until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot on cocktail picks. Have hot Dutch mustard ready for dipping. Makes 3 dozen.

Water Chestnut Surprises

These are meatballs made with economical ground pork. The surprise for your guests is the crunchy water chestnut in the middle.

0.25 kg ground pork 1/2 lb

1 mL oregano 1/4 tsp

1 mL parsley 1/4 tsp

1 mL chili powder 1/4 tsp

5 mL milk 1 tsp

1 mL soy sauce 1/4 tsp

8 water chestnuts, cut in half

15 mL oil 1 tbsp

Combine ground pork, oregano, parsley, chili powder, milk, and soy sauce. Work pork mixture around a water chestnut half so that the water chestnut is in the middle of the ground pork mixture. Brown on all sides in oil in frypan. Makes approximately 15 appetizers.

Liver Sizzler

Kids love these perfect finger foods dipped in tasty sauces.
0.5 kg pork liver 1 lb
175 mL all-purpose flour 3/4 c

1 egg

5 mL water 1 tsp

175 mL dry bread crumbs 3/4 c

5 mL seasoned salt 1 tsp

2 mL oregano 1/2 tsp

1 mL freshly ground pepper 1/4 tsp

Oil for shallow frying

Pat liver dry. Cut into strips about 2 cm (1 inch) wide. Dredge strips with flour. Beat egg and water together with fork. Mix together crumbs, seasoned salt, oregano, and pepper. Dip liver strips into egg wash then coat with bread crumbs. Allow to dry on rack or on waxed paper for 10 min. Pour oil into electric frypan to a depth of 3 to 4 cm (11/2 to 2 inches). Heat to 190°C (375°F). (A deep-fat fryer can also be used.) Fry liver strips in hot oil 4 to 6 min until liver is done and crumb coating is golden brown. Serve with Mustard Mayonnaise, chili sauce, or chutney. Makes 8 appetizer servings.

To make Mustard Mayonnaise, thoroughly mix 125 mL (1/2c) mayonnaise with 10 mL (2 tsp) hot prepared mustard.

Italian Soup

A meaty, nutritious homemade soup that you can make in half an hour. 0.5 kg ground pork 1 lb

1 medium onion, coarsely chopped 1 medium green pepper, chopped

250 mL diagonally sliced celery 1 c

1 mL pepper 1/4 tsp mL oregano 1/4 tsp chicken bouillon cubes

L boiling water 4 c 213 mL can tomato sauce 71/2 oz

15 mL soy sauce 1 tbsp

Brown ground pork in frypan. Add onion, green pepper, and celery; stir-fry 5 min. Add pepper, oregano, bouillon cubes, water, tomato sauce, and soy sauce. Cover and simmer 15 min. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Salt Pork and Vegetable Soup

Salt pork adds a delicious flavor to many dishes. You probably are familiar with it in baked beans and with salt cod. Now try using it to flavor this delightful

25 mL butter 2 tbsp

0.25 kg salt pork, diced 1/2 lb

2 mL thyme 1/2 tsp

2 mL parsley 1/2 tsp mL oregano 1/4 tsp

2 tomatoes, peeled and diced

small onion, chopped

carrots, peeled and diced

celery stalks, diced L water 4 c

4 slices French bread, cubed 125 mL whipping cream 1/2 c

Salt and pepper

In Dutch oven melt 15 mL (1 tbsp) butter and sauté the diced salt pork until translucent. Add thyme, parsley, oregano, tomatoes, onion, carrots, celery, and water. Bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer, covered, until vegetables are tender.

In a frypan, melt remaining butter and sauté the bread cubes until golden brown on all sides. Stir cream into soup. Season with salt and pepper. Add croutons. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Pork Hot Pot

The gang will find this meal-in-a-pot warm and wonderful after a day in the great outdoors — any season.

500 g dry white beans 1 lb 1 kg fresh pork shoulder, leg, or loin, in

1 piece 2 lb 1 leftover ham bone with meat clinging

to it, or l kg (2 lb) piece of smoked pork shoulder

3 medium onions, chopped

3 medium carrots, chopped

2 stalks celery, chopped 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped

10 mL salt 2 tsp

5 mL freshly ground pepper 1 tsp 125 mL dry white wine ½ c

Garnishes

250 mL finely chopped celery 1 c

250 mL chopped green pepper 1 c 250 mL chopped tomato 1 c

250 mL sour cream 1 c

250 mL chopped cooked ham 1 c

250 mL thinly sliced cooked sausage 1 c Rinse beans well, cover with cold water, bring to rapid boil for 2 min then let stand 1 h in cooking water. Drain beans and put into large saucepan. Cover with 2 L (8 c) water. Add chunk of fresh pork, ham bone or smoked shoulder, onion, carrots, celery, garlic, salt, and pepper.

h until beans are tender.

Remove pieces of pork, cut into bitesize pieces, and return to soup. Remove ham bone, cut ham meat into bite-size pieces, and return to soup. Cool, cover, and refrigerate 1 to 3 days, or freeze for up to 1 month.

Bring to boil, cover, and simmer 3 to 4

To serve: Heat soup to piping hot, stir in wine, and season with additional salt, if necessary. Serve in soup tureens or bowls. Pass a selection of garnishes in small bowls and have diners sprinkle their choice over bowls of hot soup.

Makes 12 servings.

Applesauce Burgers Pork and applesauce, traditional

favorites, combined in a new way. 0.5 kg ground pork 1 lb 125 mL unsweetened applesauce 1/2 c 1 egg, beaten 5 mL minced onion 1 tsp

5 mL parsley flakes 1 tsp Salt and pepper to taste Toasted hamburger buns

Mayonnaise

Support your local producer





Marketing Branch N.B. Department of Agriculture and Rural Development Tomato slices Shredded lettuce

Combine ground pork, applesauce, egg, onion, parsley flakes, salt, and pepper in mixing bowl. Toss lightly to mix. Divide mixture into burgers. Bake in 180°C (350°F) oven for 30 min or until burgers are cooked. Place burgers on toasted hamburger buns that have been spread with mayonnaise. Add tomato slices and shredded lettuce. Makes 3 to 4 servings.

Pattie in a Pocket

Pocket bread, known as pita, is a standard staple through the Middle East. Filled with pork it makes a splendid sandwich.

1 kg ground pork 2 lb 50 mL water 1/4 c

7 mL seasoned salt 11/2 tsp

5 mL mace 1 tsp

5 mL powdered ginger 1 tsp

1 mL pepper 1/4 tsp

4 pita bread, 15 cm (7 inches) in diameter

Mix ground pork, water, seasoned salt, mace, ginger, and pepper until well combined. Form into 8 thin oval patties. Fry on well-seasoned grill or in nonstick frypan 3 to 4 min on each side until lightly browned. Cut pita bread in half crosswise. Fill pockets with patties being careful not to tear bread.

Serve with combinations of any of the

following:

Chopped lettuce Chopped onion Chopped celery Sliced mushrooms

Thinly sliced or chopped tomatoes

Alfalfa sprouts Cole slaw Green pickle relish

Catsup Hot sauce

Applesauce Mayonnaise Makes 8 pocket sandwiches.

Applesauce Mayonnaise: Mix together 250 mL (1 c) applesauce, 250 mL (1 c) mayonnaise, and 5 to 10 mL (1 to 2 tsp) horseradish, to taste. Makes 500 mL (2 c).

Main courses

Pork Pasta Sauce

50 mL butter 1/4 c 1 large onion, finely chopped 1 medium carrot, finely chopped 2 stalks celery, finely chopped 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped 0.75 kg ground pork 11/2 lb 5 mL basil 1 tsp 5 mL sage 1 tsp 5 mL oregano 1 tsp 5 mL thyme 1 tsp 2 mL pepper 1/2 tsp 1 mL nutmeg 1/4 tsp 250 mL dry white wine 1 c 1 chicken bouillon cube 398 mL can tomato sauce 14 oz

5 mL salt 1 tsp

Melt 25 mL (2 tbsp) butter in frypan. Sauté chopped onion, carrot, celery, and garlic until onion is transparent. Mix together ground pork, basil, sage, oregano, thyme, pepper, and nutmeg. Melt 25 mL (2 tbsp) butter in large saucepan. Add meat mixture. Brown well, stirring occasionally to break up meat. Stir in vegetable mixture, white wine, bouillon cube, tomato sauce, and tomato paste. Cover pan; simmer 1 h, stirring occasionally until slightly thickened. Season with salt and more pepper, if desired. (If sauce becomes too thick, thin it with a little stock.) Serve over spagetti, lasagna, ravioli, canelloni, gnocchi, rigatoni, or any other pasta you prefer.

Makes about 1 L (4 c).



Deluxe Lasagna

Use penny-wise ground pork for the ultimate in tasty meatballs or spicy meat sauce. Appetizing, economical, and satisfying meals result when they are teamed up with pasta.

250 g lasagna noodles 1/2 lb

1 batch pork pasta sauce (recipe above) 6 slices Mozzarella cheese

500 mL cottage cheese, drained thoroughly 2 c

1 egg

2 340 g (12 oz) pkgs fresh or frozen spinach, chopped, cooked, and very well

50 mL grated Parmesan cheese 1/4 c 5 slices bacon, crisply cooked and

crumbled

Boil lasagna noodles in salt water until almost tender; drain and rinse. Spread one-quarter of pork pasta sauce in 2.5 L (21/2 qt) baking or lasagna dish. Top with one-third of Mozzarella slices cut in strips and half of lasagna noodles. Mix cottage cheese and egg; spread one-third over lasagna noodles. Top with one-third of spinach. Repeat layers two more times ending with a layer of pork pasta sauce. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and crumbled crisp bacon. Bake in 180°C (350°F) oven 30 min or until bubbly and heated through. Stand 10 min before serving. Cut into squares to serve or spoon out servings.

Makes 6 to 8 servings.

To freeze, prepare as above, but do not bake. Cover well, wrap, and seal with freezer tape. To use, thaw in refrigerator, remove wrapping and cover, then bake as directed.

Pork Stew

Sometimes called triple pork stew because it features fresh pork, ham, and bacon, this dish is very versatile. Serve with potatoes or rice, or as a pot pie with pastry. It is a good buffet dish, too.

6 slices bacon, diced 500 mL sliced onion 2 c

1 kg pork, cut into 2 cm (1 inch) pieces 2 lb 125 mL all-purpose flour 1/2 c

250 mL cooked ham, cut into 2 cm (1 inch) pieces 1 c

1 L beef stock (use bouillon cubes, canned, or homemade) 4 c

125 mL sherry (optional)

50 mL tomato paste 1/4 c

50 ml parsley 1/4 c 5 mL cinnamon 1 tsp

5 mL salt 1 tsp

5 mL pepper 1 tsp

25 mL all-purpose flour 2 tbsp 25 mL water 2 tbsp

284 mL can mushrooms 10 oz

Sauté bacon and onion in Dutch oven until onion is transparent. Dredge pork cubes in flour, add to onions and bacon, brown thoroughly. Pour off drippings. Add cooked ham, beef stock, sherry, tomato paste, parsley, cinnamon, salt, and pepper. Simmer uncovered for 1 h. Blend flour with water. Add to meat mixture and continue to simmer 1 h 30 min. Add mushrooms and simmer 15 min. Makes 8 servings.

Slimmer's Creamy Tenderloin

This recipe looks and tastes like it's calorie-laden in a rich sauce - instead you'll find it light in calories but super delicious — a real treat for dieters. 12 slices pork tenderloin, 2 cm (1 inch)

thick 50 mL butter 1/4 c Salt and pepper to taste 1 onion, finely chopped 250 mL plain yoghurt 1 c 125 mL white wine 1/2 c

Pinch paprika

Brown pork in butter in heavy frypan. Season with salt and pepper; remove to baking dish. Sauté onion in same frypan. Add yoghurt and blend in wine; pour over pork; sprinkle with paprika. Bake, uncovered, at 180°C (350°F) for about 50 min or until pork is no longer pink. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Pork Pointer

Do you want built-in conveniences when buying meat or are you willing to spend time developing palatability? Think about this the next time you are shopping. If you want the most meat for your money, don't always buy the most popular cut such as center loin pork chops. They're more expensive. Buy shoulder chops and spend time and imagination in creating a really tasty dish.

50 mL tomato paste 1/4 c

Pork and Potato Scallop

Besides being nutritious, pork is exceptionally versatile. Put-together dishes like this are proof of the promise. For family fare it's sure to be a favorite. 15 mL pork drippings or vegetable oil 1 tbsp

6 pork shoulder butt chops 2 cm (1 inch)

thick

1 L thinly sliced raw potatoes 4 c 1 medium onion, thinly sliced 25 mL all-purpose flour 2 tbsp Salt and freshly ground pepper 375 mL hot milk $I^{1/2} c$

Heat drippings in frypan, brown chops. Place layer of potatoes and onion slices in 2 L (2 qt) shallow casserole or baking dish. Sprinkle with some of the flour, salt, and pepper. Repeat, ending with layer of potatoes. Pour over enough hot milk to almost cover potatoes. Arrange chops on top of potatoes. Bake, covered, in 160°C (325°F) oven for 45 min. Uncover and bake 15 min longer until potatoes are done. Makes 6 servings.

Pork Birds

Economical shoulder chops become company fare in this dish. 6 boneless pork shoulder chops, 2 cm (1 inch) thick Salt and freshly ground pepper Marjoram or sage

String

Pork Pointer

Get to know your butcher. Choose a time when he is not too busy to discuss your family requirements and also to learn about cuts of pork which are unfamiliar to you. If you don't know then ask him about Butterfly Chops, Crown Roast of Pork, Boneless Loin, Countrystyle Ribs, Frenched Chops, or Boned Leg of Pork. He might even tell you his favorite pork recipe.

Stuffing

375 mL dry bread crumbs 11/2 c 125 mL finely chopped celery 1/2 c 50 mL finely chopped onion 1/4 c 1 egg, well beaten 2 mL salt 1/2 tsp

Milk 250 mL pork or chicken stock, or tomato

juice 1 c

Flatten chops with cleaver or edge of heavy saucer to make them paper thin. Sprinkle lightly with salt, pepper, and marjoram or sage. Combine bread crumbs, celery, onion, egg, and salt. Add a little milk to hold stuffing together, if necessary. Place a portion of stuffing on each chop. Roll up and tie with string. Roll in flour and brown lightly in small amount of fat in Dutch oven or saucepan. Add stock or tomato juice. Cover and simmer about 1 h 15 min until tender. These may also be cooked in covered casserole in 160°C (325°F) oven. Makes 6 servings.

AGRICULTUR

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To learn more about Nova Scotia agriculture and its importance to the economy of Nova Scotia, contact your local N.S. Dept. of Agriculture and Marketing office.



Department of Agriculture and Marketing Hon. Roger Bacon, Minister Walter Grant, Deputy Minister **Apple-Pork Pot Roast**

Pot roasting is a form of braising using liquid and usually adding vegetables. It is often used for shoulder cuts, which are slightly less tender than loin cuts of pork.

1.5-2 kg pork shoulder roast 3-4 lb 1 clove garlic, slivered

Salt

Freshly ground pepper 2 medium onions, quartered 125 mL apple juice 1/2 c

6 medium potatoes, peeled and quartered 6 carrots, sliced and quartered

1 small turnip, peeled and cut into wedges 15 mL all-purpose flour (optional) 1 tbsp

Make several slits in pork and insert slivers of garlic. Brown pork on all sides in heavy pot. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add onion and apple juice. Cover and cook slowly in 160°C (325°F) oven about 1 h 30 min until pork is almost tender, adding more juice if needed. Add potatoes, carrots, and turnip; cover and cook about 30 min until pork and vegetables are tender. Thicken gravy with flour blended with a little apple juice or water, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

Pork Schnitzel

You may never have thought about replacing the veal of a recipe with pork. It works beautifully because pork is so tender. Try it in Schnitzel, Veal Scallopini, and Veal Parmigiano.

4 slices boneless leg of pork or 4 butterfly or shoulder chops 1 cm (1/2 inch) thick 125 mL all-purpose flour 1/2 c

1 egg, slightly beaten 15 mL water 1 tbsp

375 mL dry bread crumbs 11/2 c

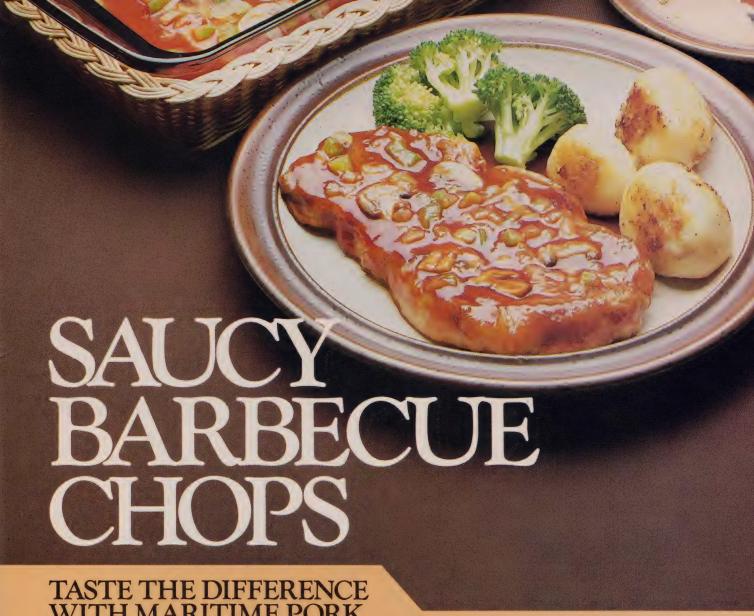
2 mL salt 1/2 tsp Freshly ground pepper 125 mL butter ½ c

Hard-cooked eggs, lemon, and capers

(optional)

Pound each slice of pork until thin. Dredge thoroughly in flour. Beat egg with the water; dip the floured pork slices in egg mixture then coat with crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper. Place pork on wire rack; refrigerate 1 h to dry. Heat butter in large frypan; sauté pork slices about 3 to 4 min on each side until golden brown. Arrange on heated serving platter. Garnish with hard-cooked egg slices, lemon wedges, and capers, if desired. Makes 4 servings.

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TASTE THE DIFFERENCE WITH MARITIME PORK

Fresh Maritime pork is available year 'round, a welcome and hearty foundation for many great meals.

Today pork is leaner, more flavourful, and recognized as an excellent source of protein.

The Pork Shoulder Butt offers succulent, inexpensive roasts and chops, and it's the chops that are featured in this very satisfying recipe. Probably the best way to get butt chops is to buy a butt roast, and slice off the chops from the large end of the boneless piece.

By the way, the barbecue in the name refers to the sauce, not the method of cooking. But what a tasty dish it is!

SAUCY BARBECUE **CHOPS**

The idea of buying a pork butt roast and slicing off the chops is just one hint from "Bon Appétit with Pork" which also has 20 recipes and lots of other good ideas. Send for your free copy, today. Make a meal with Maritime pork, very soon!

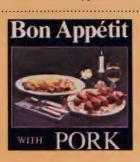
SAUCY BARBECUE **BUTT CHOPS**

4(4) butt chops $2 \text{ cm} (\frac{3}{4})$ thick. 15 ml(1 tbsp) butter. 1(1) medium onion, chopped. 125 ml(1/2 cup) medium green pepper, chopped. 125 ml(1/2 cup) celery, chopped. 125 ml(1/2 cup) mushrooms, chopped. $375 \,\mathrm{ml}(1^{-1/2}\,\mathrm{cup})$ barbecue sauce. 250 ml(1 cup) beer or broth. 15 ml(1tbsp) cornstarch. 50 ml(1/4 cup) cold water. Melt butter in frypan. Add

onion, green pepper, celery and mushrooms. Sauté until tender. Blend in beer and barbecue sauce. Mix cornstarch and cold water together; and slowly combine with the barbecue sauce mixture.

Arrange butt chops in large 2 L(2Qt) baking dish and pour the barbecue sauce mixture over the chops. Bake in 160°C (325°F) oven for approximately 1 hour or until meat is no longer pink. Makes 4 servings. Serve with: baked potatoes, broccoli.

Maritime Pork Producers P.O. Box 1341, Truro, Nova Scotia B2N 5N2 I'd like to make a meal of fresh Maritime pork. Please send my free copy of, "Bon Appétit with Pork." Name Address _____ City ____ Province _____ Code _







Good taste runs in the family.

Some things stay in the family, like the tradition of serving SCOTIAN GOLD applesauce whenever it's pork for dinner.

That's just one of the reasons SCOTIAN GOLD is a familiar friend. Week in, week out.

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HISTORY

After he turned coat on the Americans, Benedict Arnold sought his fortune in Saint John. He should have been a hero to the Loyalists, but he wasn't. Finally he left, calling the city "a shipwreck from which I have escaped"

aint John isn't noted for its welcoming aspect in early December. The trees are leafless, vegetation is skimpy, and the landscape is dominated by huge outcrops of slate-grey rock. Even the sun can't dispel the dark, forbidding appearance of the city's rocky hills.

But to a stocky middle-aged man who sailed into the port in the early winter of

1785, the busy town seemed to sparkle with promise. The man was five feet ten and dark, with broad shoulders and a military bearing. He walked with a limp. He had a large nose and piercing blue eyes. His name was Benedict Arnold, and he intended to set up business in the new Loyalist settlement.

But Arnold's reputation — an unsavory one apart from his American treason — had preceded him, and in the end Saint John was no friendlier to him than indicated by its stark December mien.

Arnold's arrival in Halifax on his way to Saint John created a small stir. "Will you believe General Arnold is here from England, in a brig of his own, as he says, reconnoitering the country," Nova Scotia's attorney-general, Sampson Blowers, wrote ahead in some astonishment to Ward Chipman, a lawyer friend in Saint John. "I give you joy of the acquisition," Blowers added wryly.

Ward Chipman, it turned out, became one of Arnold's closest

Why Saint John burned Benedict Arnold in effigy

friends in Saint John. But like Blowers, most of the Loyalists of Saint John were prepared to dislike Arnold on sight. He was a great American general before he betrayed his country to the British, but stories of his courage were overshadowed by rumors about his arrogant personality and gossip about his treason.

The treason attempt had taken place in 1779, six years earlier, but Arnold's arrival in Saint John stirred up the story. As commander of West Point, Arnold had agreed to give up the fort to the British for 20,000 pounds. He escaped when the scheme was discovered, but his British contact, John André, was hung as a spy. Then, as now, the name Benedict Arnold was a synonym for traitor, even beyond American borders — indeed, even among the British subjects he had joined.

Arnold and his family moved to London, England, right after the Revolutionary War, but by 1785 Arnold was restless for a fresh start. He arrived in Saint John that winter without his family and bought a lot on Main Street in Lower Cove. There he built a store, planning to go into the sea trade with the ship he had brought from England. He also formed a partnership with a Loyalist named Munson Hovt.

Bad luck struck that spring when Arnold's brig went down in a storm, but in May he replaced her with another named the Lord Sheffield. He set off for the West Indies on his new ship, and sailed from there to London. In the summer of 1787 he returned to Saint John with his wife, Peggy, their three children and his two older boys from his first marriage.

The Arnolds lived in high style in their home on King Street and the new business ventures seemed to promise prosperity for the family. Arnold also



HISTORY

set up trading stations at Campobello Island and Fredericton. He liked Fredericton so well that he bought several lots of land along the river. His family grew too. In the fall of 1787 Peggy bore him a third

son, George.

The family made some good friends in Saint John, including Ward Chipman and Jonathan Bliss, also a lawyer. Arnold's early purchase of the Lord Sheffield brought praise from the local paper, the Gazette. "The General's laudable efforts to promote the interests of this infant colony have during his short residence been very productive to its commercial advantage," the paper said. Arnold contributed 50 pounds towards the ing with it. Despite Henry's narrow escape, the town was alive with rumors that Arnold or his family had set the fire to get the insurance money. The stories were so powerful that the insurers refused to accept liability for some months, although they eventually paid up.

Arnold's relationship with Munson Hoyt had also gone sour. Their partnership ended in a lawsuit when Hoyt accused Arnold of burning the warehouse. "It is not in my power to blacken your character," he told Arnold, "for it is as black

as it can be."

Arnold countered with a slander charge, and retained his friend Ward Chipman as counsel, who alleged that Arforgot that slight. Later, as military commander of Philadelphia, he raised the ire of the civilian council of Pennsylvania by consorting with British sympathizers, including a lovely 18-year-old named Peggy Shippen, who was to become his wife. The council managed to have Arnold courtmartialled, and he was censured by Washington himself. Proud and stubborn, Arnold was convinced he'd been mistreated by the American leaders, and he wasn't the man to put patriotism ahead of injured pride.

Arnold's greatest problem in Saint John had dogged him all his life: his personality. He was arrogant, ambitious and outspoken, and had trouble getting along with people. He was a man of action, with no talent for diplomacy. His passionate nature gave him an edge in battle, but the rest of the time it made

him enemies.

In the face of all this hostility in Saint John, Arnold decided to close his business and return to England. He aroused more animosity when he tried to collect debts owed him by local businessmen. By the time he left, he was disliked so much that a mob gathered outside his home and burned him in effigy, and the militia had to be called out to disperse the crowd.

When he reached England, Arnold wrote Ward Chipman: "The little property that we have saved from the hands of a lawless ruffian mob and more unprincipled judges in New Brunswick is perfectly safe here, as well as our persons from insult, and ... I cannot help viewing your great city as a shipwreck from

which I have escaped."

Arnold's last years in London were unhappy ones. In typical Arnold fashion, he squandered the treason money he got from the British. He couldn't persuade the government to give him a military commission, and he was deeply in debt. His wife and one of his daughters were in poor health. Arnold himself contracted asthma and the leg wounds he had received at Quebec and Saratoga began to act up. His face became lined and sallow and his once powerful shoulders stooped. He died on June 12th, 1801, at the age

Arnold left behind him a puzzle. In his will, he left land and an annual allowance to a 14-year-old boy living with his two eldest sons in Upper Canada. The boy's name was John Sage, and it's believed he was Arnold's illegitimate son. Arnold was separated from Peggy during that first winter of 1785-86 in Saint John, and normally he was a model correspondant. But Peggy didn't hear from him much that winter; she wrote her father that she was becoming "anxious for the fate of the best of husbands." If Arnold did have a lover in Saint John that winter, the secret was well kept. Her identity, like many aspects of Arnold's own character, remains a mystery to this day.

If Arnold did have a lover in Saint John that winter, the secret was well kept. Her identity, like many aspects of Arnold's own character, remains a mystery to this day

construction of the Westmorland Road, which entitled him to purchase 1,000 acres of land along the road. He also contributed 10 pounds to the city's first fire

But success eluded Arnold in New Brunswick. His trading ventures made less money than he had hoped for. Business associates who borrowed money had trouble paying him back. The Loyalists distrusted him for betraying his own side during the war, and resented his

lavish lifestyle.

Arnold was becoming a beaten man. "When I thought of what he had been and the despised man he was then, tears would come and I could not help it," wrote one of his former revolutionary army officers who saw him at Campobello — an officer who had accompanied him on the 1775 march to take Quebec City. The attempt failed, but the starvation-ridden trek home had been saved from absolute disaster only by Arnold's magnetic leadership.

Arnold's unpopularity peaked while he was away in England in 1788. On the advice of English friends, he insured his warehouse on Lower Cove for 5,000 pounds. There had been a rash of burglaries at the warehouse, so Arnold's oldest son, Henry, slept there at night.

While Arnold was away, the warehouse burned, and Henry barely escaped burnnold was the victim of a plot to destroy him. If it was, it worked. Although Arnold won the case, he was denied the 5,000 pounds in damages he had requested. Instead, the jury awarded him a measly two shillings and sixpence. As far as the citizens of Saint John were concerned, Arnold was indeed a villain.

It may seem odd that the Loyalists were as ready as any American patriot to believe the worst of Arnold. But Professor Reginald Stuart of the history department at the University of Prince Edward Island points out that Arnold profited from his treason, receiving 6,000 pounds in cash from the British, along with generous pensions for himself and his family. "The Loyalists had lost everything because of their loyalty, he notes. "They saw a man who'd sold himself out. He hadn't been loyal from the beginning. He'd only done it for gold?

But the Loyalists of Saint John were probably wrong about Arnold's motives for turning traitor. After all, he'd been a great American patriot and a brilliant military leader. His successes included the taking of Fort Ticonderoga, a naval campaign on Lake Champlain, the march to Quebec, and the victory of Saratoga. But despite Arnold's brilliance on the battlefield, the American Congress passed him over for promotion. Arnold never

CALENDAR

NOVA SCOTIA

To Mar. 10 — Tom Miller and the Mermaid Theatre: an exhibit featuring masks, puppets, costumes, posters, banners and films. At the Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

Mar. 4-9 — "Halifax Woman '85": an event featuring lectures, exhibits, fashion workshops and fashion shows designed to be of interest to the "Halifax Woman." Held at the Halifax Shopping Centre

Mar. 4-24 — A mixed media exhibition by Jill Field (Alexander), Dartmouth Heritage Museum, Dartmouth

Mar. 5-23 — Exhibits of sculptures by Bernie Millar and Greg White, Eye Level Gallery, Halifax

Mar. 7 — The Truro Art Society will hold an art auction in the Colchester East Hants Library

Mar. 28-Apr. 28 — 20th Century European Sculpture: a display of 40 sculptures from the collection of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Mar. 28-Apr. 28 — Brian Porter: Paintings and Drawings: an exhibition of his recent work, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Apr. 2-20 — Photographic installation by Michel Sarrouy, Eye Level Gallery, Halifax

Apr. 2-20 — An installation by Danica Jojich, Eye Level Gallery, Halifax

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

To Mar. 10 — Muir Lang Exhibition: courtesy of the University College of Cape Breton. Held at the Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown

To Mar. 24 — Prairie Houses 1850-1950: a graphic exhibition illustrating the evolution of urban and rural housing on the Prairies from the time of early settlement to post-Second World War. Sponsored by the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature and the Canadian Housing Design Council, with support from the Museum Assistance Programs, National Museums of Canada. Held at the Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

To Mar. 24 — Photography Competition: Prince County Houses: this exhibition will be shown in conjunction with Prairie Houses. Held at the Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

March-April 7 — Grasp Tight the Old Ways; Selections from the Klamer Family Collection of Inuit Art: courtesy of the Art Gallery of Ontario. Held at the Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown

Mar. 13-Apr. 7 — 3D-NB200: an exhibition of 15 New Brunswick sculptors' work, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

and Museum, Charlottetown

Apr. 10-May 12 — Canada in the Nineteenth Century; The Bert and Barbara Stitt Family Collection: courtesy of the Art Gallery of Hamilton. Held at the Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown

NEWFOUNDLAND

March-Apr. 14 — Beauty Pageant: paintings by Maureen Enns organized and circulated by the Peter Whyte Gallery, Banff, Alberta. Held at the Memorial

University Art Gallery, St. John's

Mar. 1-3 — Kiwanis Music Festival, the Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's Mar. 5 — Burl Ives in concert at the Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Mar. 17 — A piano performance by Walter Prossnitz, at the Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Mar. 22 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra will be at the Arts & Culture Centre, St. John's

Mar. 23 — A Breath of Scotland: a night featuring Scottish comedy, song, dance and music. At the Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

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Mar. 25 — A Breath of Scotland: Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Mar. 25-29 — Kiwanis Music Festival, held at the Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

Mar. 26 — Ferrante and Tiecher: internationally acclaimed pianists and entertainers extraordinaire showcasing everything from Bach to the Beatles with virtuosity and unique brilliance, at the Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Apr. 11-12 — Newfoundland Symphony Youth Orchestra, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Apr. 13 — Boris Lysenko, pianist, at the Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

NEW BRUNSWICK

To Mar. 15 — Cartographic Legacy: a celebration of New Brunswick's history in maps. Jointly produced by the New Brunswick Museum and the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick. Illustrates how cartographers have portrayed the province of New Brunswick over the last 300 years. Held at the New Brunswick Museum, Saint John

Mar. 1-31 — New Brunswick Authors: this representative sampling of literary works by New Brunswick writers was organized by the National Library of

Canada to mark the bicentenary of New Brunswick. Sponsored by the New Brunswick Department of Historical and Cultural Resources. Held at the Fredericton National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Mar. 1-31 — Fredericton in the 1930s and '40s: photographs by Madge Smith. Held at the Fredericton National Exhibi-

tion Centre, Fredericton
Mar. 4-29 — Juried exhibit of paintings by members of The Saint John Art

Club, Inc., at the City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John Mar. 21 — Dan Butterworth and his

Mar. 21 — Dan Butterworth and his Marionnettes, at the Woodstock High School Theatre, Woodstock

Apr. 1-30 — Centennial of Parks Canada: pictorial exhibit courtesy of Parks Canada, at the City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John

Apr. 3-30 — Prairie Houses: 1850-1950: Produced by Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature with assistance from the Museums Assistance Programs, National Museums of Canada, at the Fredericton National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

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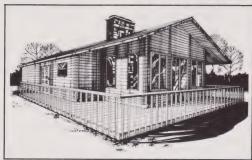


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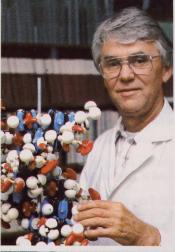
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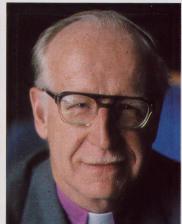




















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RAY GUY'S COLUMN

The hazards of cats, kids and squishy Pussy-Treet

took to cats long before I could walk. I think many infants do. When you're crawling around the floor you can't see much more than Teddy, adult ankles and cats.

There are always adults around, clumping about, but you can't see their heads on top of their shoulders ... just as when you move close to a column and can't see the statue on top.

Adults can be rather scary. Consider. Suppose you're lying on the carpet reading this tasteful organ and, suddenly, you are grabbed and swooped up into the air, 20 feet high or more.

A huge red face with teeth is thrust up against yours. The giant's breath is hot and it makes growling idiot noises and cluck clucks at you. You'd probably grab its eyeglasses and pee all over it, too.

But cats are no bigger than Teddy. Cats are soft. Cats make low purring noises.

After I left home I was catless for many a long year. The hiatus ended when at last I entered into Holy Acrimony. Now, at time of writing, I have one spouse, two youngsters and three of the finest cats you'd ever wish to clap eyes on.

The principal of the trio is Cecil. He was brought home to commemorate the visit, six years ago, of the Queen. Cecil—because have not the ancient line of Cecils served the Crown long and well?

When we got him from the animal shelter he wasn't much to look at. But the stamp of destiny was upon him. In full fighting trim he weighs 22³/₄ pounds and meter readers and delivery persons seldom fail to exclaim: "God in Heaven! What's *that?*"

Cecil doesn't do much. Blood sports interest him not at all. This may be because mice look to him like sow bugs and sparrows like houseflies.

I've promised him a live turkey on his next birthday in an effort to bring some interest and challenge into his life.

Because of his bulk, the Great One can manage to hurl himself on to the sofa only if he can get at least a 20-foot run, or, in his case, waddle.

At feeding time, most cats tend to bump against your legs. When Cecil bumps, so may you. Once when he got me good I ended on the floor with one hand in a dish of squishy Pussy-Treet "saveur de thon" and doubts that I'd ever walk again, roaring at the youngsters to stop their snickering or brief life would be their portion.

Second in line comes Turpin. He is the most villainous-looking thing on four legs

that I have ever seen. In a beauty contest with a wolverine and a Tasmanian devil he'd come third.

Turpin (for Dick Turpin, the highway man) looks like he should have a cutlass between his teeth and a patch on one eye.

There's a running battle between him and our younger child. It never fails. Anne is proceeding carefully down the hall with her bread and jam and glass of milk, Turpin waits till she's past then flings himself at her ankle, bunny-kicking furiously with his hind feet.

For her part, Anne can't pass Turpin if he's lying there in twitchy sleep without bringing her little fist smartly down upon

That morning from the kitchen I called out to my wife: "Precieuse! Have you made up the bitch's supplement, yet?" M.-in-Law claims she thought she was about to get her breakfast in bed

the top of his head. He springs awake with a bowel-melting glare. Next reincarnation, he's coming back as a Bengal tiger and you can bet he knows whom he'll be shredding first.

Turpin, also known as "Rough Trade," is constantly pouncing on Cecil and on his sister with what sometimes seems to be lascivious intent.

Since we'd paid the vet good money to circumvent Nature, I asked the doctor about this. He allowed as there might be "some residual testicular matter."

Bring Turpin in again, he said, and he'd have another whack at him. No siree bob, said I and walked out the door with rather mincing steps. Is not empathy one of the finer virtues?

Although he looks like Bluebeard after a hard six months of looting and pillaging, Turpin fancies himself. Whenever two or three humans are gathered together, he carefully grooms his pantaloons and mustachios and parades up and down like an 18th century French fop on a fashion show runway.

Penny is Penny because she's the color of one. She's a neat, compact little creature with only half a mew . . . a barely audible squeak. And she's one of the most deadly killers imaginable.

The carnage is especially brisk in early summer among birds that are slow on

takeoff, and in the fall when the field mice are moving to winter quarters.

Cats make Lucrezia Borgia look like Mother Theresa. When they catch something they merely cripple it. Then they'll play with it for an hour and when it finally croaks they take it as a personal affront.

On Sunday mornings in summer, Penny is sure to drag something fluttering and screeching directly below the bedroom window. Starlings are the most terrible screechers of all. I have to shuffle out in my bathrobe and finish off the poor brutes with a large wooden spoon.

Penny, the Half-a-Mew, keeps much to herself, but one day Anne decided Penny had the flu and should be put to bed.

Anne has a remarkably high pain threshold and the determination of a salmon headed upstream. James Bond would crack under interrogation and deliver the House of Windsor to the KGB before Annie would say what happened to that whole package of fig bars.

She'd been trying, perhaps for 15 minutes, to get dolly's flannel nightie on Penny. The struggle was ferocious but nearly silent. By the time the fray was discovered, the nightie was in shreds and so was Anne — just this side of needing a transfusion.

These are our cats now but there've been others.

I remember Hodge. He was as small and scrawny as the young Sinatra and had bat ears like the Prince of Wales. He was named after Dr. Samuel Johnson's pet whose master went out to fetch oysters for pussy's dish himself lest the servant be irked by the chore and mistreat the cat.

Hodge never enjoyed good health. The vet gave us something called "bitch's supplement." It's used to build up dogs after they've pupped, but the doctor figured it might help cats, too.

My mother-in-law had just come to visit. That morning from the kitchen I called out to my wife: "Precieuse! Have you made up the bitch's supplement, yet?"

M.-in-Law claims she thought she was about to get her breakfast in bed.

Cats pretty much please themselves. They don't slobber all over you like dogs. They're selfish, cruel, destructive and snooty.

Not loveable creatures at all, really. Yet why does your throat ache so much on that final trip to the vet. Or why do you keep watch for weeks when they sometimes go out the door and never come back?

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